

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

O. A. HOWLAND.
C. C. ROBINSON.
G. F. MARTER.
DANIEL LAMB.

DOES this quartette of names represent the municipal ideals of Toronto and afford a true indication of the class of material from which we may expect the mayors of this city in future to be selected? Taken in conjunction with some recent candidates for, and occupants of the office, it ought to be a startling and alarming thought to the ratepayers that they must this year make choice between Oliver A. Howland and C. C. Robinson, unless either G. F. Marter or Ald. "Danny" Lamb can be driven, coaxed or jolted into presenting himself as a glorious alternative. While old Santa Claus is distributing the contents of his pack, the most acceptable thing he could bring down the flue in this locality is a man for Mayor.

M R. O. A. HOWLAND, who has occupied the position of Mayor for two years, is circulating with a definiteness which amounts to a direct accusation, reports that Mr. C. C. Robinson, who, like Mr. Howland, is a Conservative and is asserting himself as a candidate for the mayoralty probably for the same reason that the strongest of Mr. Howland's friends could present in his behalf, because he needs it, has sinister influences backing his candidature. Of course the civic elector, to have a full grasp of the situation, must divest himself of the serio-comic aspect of the whole fight. Probably no man is so devoid of civic knowledge that he would select either of the candidates as a possible occupant of the Mayor's chair. We have become so used to these utter impossibilities that the discussion of unfit men for high places has become customary. The use of personal arguments to prevent the election of these unfit people has also lapsed into the region of improprieties. Without doubt, Mr. Howland is unfit to be Mayor. Nobody could maintain a straight face and urge that C. C. Robinson will be a proper successor. That large and influential corporations are paying the price of Mr. Robinson's candidature is the urging of a thing that is hard to believe. The man himself is so unimportant that as the occupant of the chief executive office no one would consider him of value to the meanest concern with interests involved. Mr. Robinson, like Mr. Howland, depends largely on his name, acquired without his influence or worth, as a reason why he should be dominant in a place of such importance as Toronto. We may be quite content that these small descendants of prominent men should fight it out between themselves, but it is of great importance to us that small issues should not be imported into such a scrub race. They may endeavor to be devilish one another in the manner which is customary in campaigns where nothing but the merits of the candidates can be urged, but as the local press looks at it, the issue is not a threshing out of domestic troubles, but the selection of the best out of an infinitely bad assortment of men. What may happen in the mayoralty contest is not the subject of this paragraph; the issue is entirely how a donkey race should be conducted. By heredity both candidates should be gentlemen; by practice and environment—we leave it for the electorate to decide. That it should ever come to such an issue is not a matter to make any elector joyful, but should make every elector who has a vote to cast more thoughtful than in the past.

A PROJECT seems to be on foot, born of the census of 1901, to reorganize the representation of Canada in the Federal Parliament and the appropriation which shall be paid to the various sections of the Dominion. I do not believe in this. When Canada is called together through the Premiers of its provinces or the men who represent public opinion in various places, the impulse should not be in the direction of increases from the Imperial treasury, but how that Imperial treasury could be further fortified. The prehensile desires of those who have a claim should not be so obvious that the chief taxpayer by its representative should find it necessary to be absent. Ontario, without complaint, has paid about three-fifths of the contribution necessary to make federation possible. This great burden-bearer has declined, though interested in a loss of representatives, to hold the gun to the ear of those who make divisions and are the natural arbitrators with regard to how much voice each province is to have in the division of that which is collected for the common weal. It is not for members of the Ontario electorate to say that the North American Act, which we have accepted as our constitution, should not be revised. But we do say most emphatically that it shall not be revised in the interests of those who pay a smaller share than we do, and should acquire by some process a larger proportion of influence than we have been ever able to obtain. While paying three-fifths of the cost of government, we have scarcely ever been able to maintain more than one-fifth of the influence which guides that government. The cause and result need not be discussed. Ontario as an entity believes that such a discussion would be unwise. That the discussion has been and is going on in spite of Ontario's failure to join in the matter is significant of a disagreement which requires no accentuation by a newspaper system which is both unwise and exceedingly partisan. The cold, clammy fact remains unexploited that the greatest burden-bearer of all the provinces remains absolutely out of the discussion. That our Premier is not sharing with the others the impression that while we are to receive less representation our share of the total disbursements is not to be less, seems to me to entitle us to remain out with regard to the small sentiments advanced by those who by their advocacy of more money, more representation, or at least undereased representation, are endeavoring to make a new bargain on the advantage of themselves and the disadvantage of Ontario.

C HIEFEST among those humiliating experiences which Canada has to apologize for, is the spectacle of Mr. D. Mann appealing to every Legislature and working his huge bulk as an element of obtaining subsidies. The Canadian Premiers in session in Quebec had no sooner organized than this pert and tiring personality began to converse with them as to the gifts which the Canadian Northern Railway ought to have in order that it might be built and minister to the wants of the North-West. Mr. Mann is notoriously a gentleman who can make appeals to a Legislature, which, if emanating from a smaller variety of person, would probably result in him being thrown out of the window. If Mr. Mann's brains are at all in proportion to his physical size, he has never been determined, but it has been settled that no man is more useful in asking for subsidies than this colossal and rather picturesque person who is always put up against the end of the game which asks for lands and subsidies at so much per mile. According to the alleged statements of the firm which has been said to make such an immense amount of money out of inducing Governments to become partners in railroad schemes of which they are the only beneficiaries, Mackenzie and Mann could sell out to-day and be exceedingly rich men. Why they

should be rich and the Governments left to engage mathematicians to reckon up their indolence or their share of mythical profits, is a problem on which the people should ponder before anything further is given to these exceedingly clever manipulators of railroad charters. Franchises should not be given carelessly or to people who simply intend to exploit them for personal profit. A railroad franchise should be only given to make possible the exploration and settlement of a district which is not served. Anything further is making money for individuals at the unknown price of making railroad corporations profitable. Not another dollar should be given either to Mackenzie and Mann, to the Grand Trunk Pacific, or to anyone able to build a railroad. The ultimate sum has been expended. Those who desire to build railroads must do so at their own expense or at the expense of men joining in their enterprise. We are absolutely and finally through with building transportation routes which are made a present to those who have been paid for constructing them. Mr. D. D. Mann can bulk up before Legislatures and Railway Committees but it must be evident to everyone that he is no longer to be listened to. Canada cannot be happy or prosperous by turning its territory over to railroad exploiters, and the absolutely sickening itineracy and persistency of those who are building railroads on subsidies should make the electors sick. It is a thing that has been played for all it is worth and needs to be folded up and put away.

IT is a queer thing that a man of known and conspicuous virtues may die and have what is good in him forgotten, while the miser and the mere money-getter is remembered according to what he is worth in dollars and cents. The people of Toronto, who are supposed to be as

felt in the attendance. The audiences, I am informed, are already falling off. They are said to be composed almost exclusively of those in no special need of evangelization—comfortable people, fairly well fixed both for this world and, as they believe, for the world to come. It would seem that the new movement has not reached any whom the existing agencies of religion have not already brought within the fold. It is, therefore, questionable whether so much energy is directed in the most promising channel. Bro. Newell's discourses are not specially attractive to masculine persons, and the great hungry crowds of which we have been told so much and so often have numbered relatively few men to women. The methods employed in construing and expounding Scripture are such as nowadays are thought narrow, and certainly not such, I am informed, as to attract progressive and rational minds to Bro. Newell's following. If this is the case, the movement contains the seeds of its own decay and must go to pieces before the forces that are causing people to think more earnestly and deeply on religious questions than ever before. To read reports in the newspapers one would conclude that this Bible class in Massey Hall was the biggest and best thing that had ever happened hereabouts in connection with religion. Perhaps this is because only one side of the picture has been presented. There has been an absence of criticism, while the presentation of bouquets has been both frequent and free. Why the Toronto newspapers should hesitate to give us the truth about meetings in which so many readers are interested is doubtless a puzzler to a great many.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury's death removes a prelate who began his career as an aggressive rationalist and ended it as a colorless compromiser and reconciler

Possibly the attempt to get away from oneself by the use of the drugstore route to slumber or the saloon habit of forgetting poverty, is particularly harrowing to those with tender consciences and no particular reason to escape for an hour or two from the bevelments of life. The only large way of looking at these fugitives from the results of their own conduct must necessarily be in the nature of regretting the cause and the terrible nerve-destroying cure which has been chosen. Amongst the rich and poor alike, the middle-aged as well as the old, there are those who find moments of shudder, sorrow and regret which cheap and not necessarily fatal stimulant will pass them over. Loneliness, the absence of sympathy, the attitude in which the victim finds himself or herself with every nerve racking, are incidental to the civilization of which we are so proud. That improper means are taken to pacify an overwrought nervous system is regrettable, because it only duplicates in an increased degree the original condition. It is hard to think of a world constituted as the one we live in is constituted, without such conditions. Civilization and law-making and the general tendency to look after one's neighbor rather than oneself in anything but a material way, have been in the direction of making laws, not to keep people good, but to prevent them from being bad. Reformers and would-be reformers attempt to define for everybody a "whoa" line, but what the whole world must admit is that there is a woe line—sad spells, and tendencies to depression, which are most easily disposed of by a resort to the bottle. The fact is that civilization, which provides so many stimulants, so much to engage people's attention, and so many things to dull the tooth that gnaws, does not entirely fill the bill. It is obvious to those who can successfully diagnose the public condition, that no mere say-so of the man with a self-satisfied stomach can be accepted as the general rule of ordinary life. It can hardly be disputed that this is a fast age; that people are prone to seek all the pleasures that artificial means can create, and to evade all the woes that artificial methods can be relied upon to help them over. The general conditions of society have to be regarded when we propose to do anything calculated to make impossible the ready reference to something that will stimulate the user past the acute period of desire. That this period should never be created is in itself evident, and yet all the preachers and agitators pass over the initial phase, with the idea of preventing the gratification of what should have never been created. The recent disturbance which had as its object the closing up of the saloons, seems to have crystallized into an effort to reduce the number of saloons if it cannot obliterate the evil. With all admissions that a writer need make as to inability to dictate the proper course, I am free to say that those who ask for the reduction of licenses cannot possibly be conversant with the evils they desire to be redressed. Our very eagerness to restrain, reform or do away with a wrong thing has led many inexperienced people into a clamor for things which, for their lack of knowledge, must be recorded as only accentuating the troubles they deplore. It has been said, quite truthfully, that a hundred men drinking in a hundred places are much less apt to go to excess than a hundred men drinking in ten places. Yet the reformers would decrease the number, already small and mostly confined to business localities, possibly with the idea that the smell emanating from the floor of a gin-mill should be as infrequent as possible. The history of the world does not indicate that the thing that is made difficult to get becomes something that is unsought. The fact that people are prevented either by their relatives or by the law from obtaining the stimulant that they foolishly think their system requires, only aggravates an appetite in itself artificial and to a large extent the precursor of other artificial and deleterious tastes.

The dealings of the public and the Government with the liquor sellers has been maintained with a very great perversion of understanding. It is generally recognized that the license paid by a saloon should go to a very large extent towards remedying the evils to which the saloon ministers. In Toronto, where so much agitation has possibly done so much good, we are in a position to judge of whether the Government, allied with the city, can create a monopoly of whisky-selling places with any good resulting to those who appear to be trying to restrain the traffic.

I hold quite differently. We have practically 150 tavern licenses in Toronto, the charge made being \$450 a year. The business of transferring licenses keeps the commissioners appointed for that purpose exceedingly busy. Licenses bring anywhere from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars apiece. This is the effect of a monopoly. The money does not go to the public, but to those who are concerned in what at best is not by any means a desirable business. Why does not the Government charge a percentage for transfers? Even ten per cent, divided equally between the city and the province would put \$1,000 into each treasury. But the scheme of restricting a traffic by minimizing it and making it a monopoly is a mistake. Such a traffic could be more easily adjusted by abandoning the monopoly idea and allowing everybody with suitable premises and a good reputation to sell stimulants under the eye of the inspectors at say \$2,000 a year license. There could be no monopoly under such circumstances, and I imagine that very few would be willing to pay the price for the privilege, except in those localities where a license costs twenty or thirty thousand dollars. If the business is a legitimate one and the man is willing to pay the price, let him conduct it. Why restrict the number? That is monopoly in its worst form. The proper restriction should be the price. Or if the Government recognizes that whisky-selling and whisky-drinking are evils, let them assume the business and minimize it. When a man pays twenty or thirty thousand dollars for a license of which the public treasury receives only \$450, he can be relied upon to make as much money as possible, to sell to women and minors, and to make his trade as great as possible. If the Government were to undertake the distribution of stimulants such as people imagine they require, without the element of profit-gathering, we could rely on the old toppers drinking themselves off and but few new ones being created. As it now stands, brewers bid fiercely against one another to obtain possession of the conscience and trade of the man who is foolish enough to go into the liquor business. Enormous prices have to be paid by men who propose to be me retail liquor merchants. These prices are not paid to the Government nor to the people. Supposing the Government decided to allow only 150 grocery stores in Toronto; by limiting the number they could obtain license fees far in excess of what is paid by dispensers of booze. Presume, for a moment, that the city decides, with the acquiescence of the Government, that there are to be only three newspapers. What prices would be paid for the privilege to publish a newspaper! Imagine what a departmental store would be willing to pay for a license to be one of five institutions to sell what the people need or think they need. The whole idea of a trade monopoly is a mistaken one. The view of the very earnest and clamorous class who insist on limitations seems to work along the line that selling stimulants is entirely different from and more villainous than selling drugs. Why are not drugstores charged a license? I am not versed in the drug-



Shade of John A.—Be careful, you fellows, how you monkey with that Constitution; it took wise heads to draw that up.

advanced in everything pertaining to civilization as the population of any similar place, forget good men who have always been open-handed and kind-hearted as soon as the last clod has been thrown on their coffins, but their memory of a miser who begged his food and slept in stables is sufficiently acute to encourage men to hoard their dollars and to prevent any evidence being shown of regard for the human race. A miserable sample of the Jewish tribe recently died after a life of indigence, with money sufficient to attract the greed of undertakers and relatives. Possessed probably of no virtue except that of acquiring money, his wealth has made him conspicuous. It is an idle pretense of despising wealth for the daily papers to assume contempt for the man's money, when he is given columns of space that could not have been had by virtue of the most pronounced sort Eli Hyman, alias Davis, alias possibly many other things, has nothing to command him to the public but the leaving of money which has been vastly exaggerated in order to make his demise interesting. There is nothing in journalism so degrading as the exaltation of such a miserable character into such prominence as has been given to this man. The possession of every virtue, of every tendency to be kind to the people of one's race, is overlooked in the hoarding and piling up of money by the man, and in items of supposed interest used by the papers. The worship of wealth and the bowing of the knee to those who ate from slop-barrels and slept in stables is enough to set the whole generation on a wrong track and to disturb the center around which human endeavor should necessarily congregate.

I HAVE received from a reader of these columns who has been attending the big Bible class which an "American" gentleman named Newell is conducting weekly in Massey Hall, a letter and a report of a recent meeting, which make rather interesting reading, and which I regret I cannot print in full, as it runs to over a column and a half of newspaper matter. But from this report it is quite evident that the public are not being told all the facts about these meetings, which started out with so large a following and, it would appear, are already giving signs of a reaction in interest and attendance. I am informed that Bro. Newell has been given the cold shoulder by the ministerial brethren of their own in Toronto, and who, while not openly questioning his motives, look with general suspicion on the strangers in the vineyard, and regard the suspicion of the mammoth Bible class by a visiting teacher as a reflection on their own work. At all events, the preachers of the city are said to have withheld their sympathy and to have averted their countenances. This, with the fact that the novelty of the methods employed is wearing away, will of course be

of the unreconcilable. Dr. Temple had occupied successively the bishoprics of Exeter and London and the archbishopric of Canterbury. He had been a fellow of Oxford and headmaster of Rugby. It had fallen to his lot, as almost the closing act of his career, to anoint and crown a British sovereign. Yet with a long and singularly varied career behind him, it is doubtful if the late archbishop will be remembered as a great churchman in the sense that some of his predecessors are remembered. He has stood for no particular cause or movement. His memory will not be associated with any great act of ecclesiastical statesmanship. His best praise is that he "was fair to all classes of clergymen," which means that he was a safe buffer between the High and Low Church factions and countenanced a great divergence of practice in the services of the Anglican Church.

C ANADA, so fortunate in her general financial history, has a long and lugubrious record of wrecked "private banks" to her discredit, and especially is this the case in Ontario, where the large number of small towns and cross-roads villages have afforded the best field for borrowing and loaning operations of the sort that have recently involved so many farmers and store-keepers at Oakville. Depositors have been lulled and gullied by the use of the word "bank." It would be unjust to insinuate that private banking is always a badly conducted business. There are scores of such institutions carried on along safe and conservative lines, in the hands of men who doubtless are worthy of confidence, and the benefits derived from the local circulation and investment of depositors' funds by these purely local "banks" have in many cases been undeniably great. But the reputation for shrewdness and honesty which a private banker always enjoys until he manages to lose his clients' money is the worst security and mighty poor consolation to the unfortunate who are fleeced. Without tightening the monopolistic hold of the chartered banks on the business of the country so as to drive "private banks" out of business, it does seem that the use of the words "bank" or "banker" should be restricted by law. They should carry with them a guarantee of some sort of regular public inspection and some measure of security deposited with the Government.

P UBLIC opinion is greatly exercised with regard to the drink habit and the tendency of people to drunkenness. Of course it must be recognized that public opinion is easily excited amongst the untempered by obnoxious things which prevail amongst those who become the victims of an attempt to get away from themselves.

gist's trade, yet I think I would pay a very liberal sum if the selling of drugs were surrounded by the limitations which pertain to the selling of liquor.

Of course those who are trying to reform the stomachs and the habits of the public urge that a license charge should be an offset to the harm done. If they be correct in this as no doubt they are, why should not the sum charged be sufficiently large to be an important element in the maintenance of those eleemosynary institutions to which the charitable are being continually asked to subscribe? To one who looks at the thing entirely freed from personal interests or private prejudice, the whole licensing system seems to be wrong. Eliminate if you like what we call the temptation phase of numerous saloons, and we have simply a monopoly that puts the business in a few hands and turns the profits, fixed at \$450 a year, into the coffers of brewers men whose only stay is in the increased sale of that which the customers of the taverns think they need. The thing is thoroughly rotten and needs revision. Boys and girls should not be allowed, as they are under the present law, to go and buy liquor for their parents. There should be no order system connected with the business at all. The change in the law effected by the absolute separation of the liquor store from the grocery did more for temperance in Toronto and the prevention of flask being used as a bribe to the father or mother, than any preaching that has been done. If the houses are to be owned by the breweries, let them be put up for auction and the public receive the increased price. Now that there is so much interest in the revision of the license law, people should really sit down and think of the best reformatory methods, bearing in mind the very distinct separation between the drink habit and the cause of it. The high tide of sorrow and the low tide of vitality must necessarily contribute to the prevalence of the desire to pass over some unhappy period in a state of semi-consciousness. Whatever money is to be made out of the sale of liquor should be the property of the Government. Whatever evils there are in it—and it cannot be denied that there are many—should be minimized. People desire letters and they go to the post-office, which is not a private institution, and when they desire drinks they should go to some Government place and obtain what they think they need, without having touts and procurers of "treats" on the outside of the bar egging on the thirsty but innocent to spend more money than they can afford or to drink more than they can carry.

JUDGMENT was given last week in the divorce case of Hartopp vs. Hartopp and Cowley, which has for a month past provided legal and social circles in England with a highly seasoned topic of conversation. Sir Charles Hartopp, a racing baronet and Scots Guards officer, who had married the daughter of Mr. Charles Wilson, M.P. for Hull, one of the wealthiest commoners of England, sued for divorce from his wife on the ordinary grounds, naming as co-respondent Earl Cowley, a nobleman who was himself divorced by his wife in 1897. The evidence was of very racy character, and though the jury dismissed both Hartopp's petition and Lady Hartopp's counter-petition virtually deciding that none of the charges of infidelity had been proved on either side, the light thrown by this trial on the manners and morals of English "high society" leave the impression that "darkest England" is not that section of it which General Booth has described. Gambling in every form and variety appears to be rife. Sir Charles Hartopp has been a heavy bettor and loser on horse races, and his father-in-law more than once has had to come to his rescue with loans. His wife also laid and lost money on horses. They both played cards for stakes which, in this country at least, would be considered high. In one letter put in as an exhibit, Lady Hartopp spoke of having lost eight pounds at a Sunday game of bridge whist. But the gambling mania is one of the mildest vices of the English smart set, if a moiety of the allegations in this extremely salacious trial are to be believed. A section of the aristocracy are placed in a very bad light by the evidence adduced. That there is a loose manner of living and great moral turpitude cannot possibly be doubted. One of the branches of the case had to do with Lady Hartopp's offering to pay her husband £20,000 if he would allow himself to be divorced by her, and a portion of her cross-examination on this matter is here reproduced from the verbatim reports furnished in the English papers, as showing how marriage is looked upon in some quarters:

"Did you not think it a most disgraceful thing for any wife to propose to her husband that he should submit to be divorced for a sum of money?"—Knowing Sir Charles, I do not think that I did." (Laughter.)

"You thought it consistent with your notions of what was moral and right?"—I knew he was in want of money."

"You knew he was poor and you thought you, the daughter of a rich man, could play on his poverty?"—"I only judged from the way in which he had treated me."

"Did you think it right to make such a proposal to him?"—"I did not think it wrong then, but, according to the law of England, I now think it was."

"You did not think of the Divine law?"—"I may have changed my opinion since."

The only moral to be derived from the case seems to be the very ancient truth that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, and that, as Mr. Justice Barnes pointed out, people without other employment in life than the pursuit of their own pleasures are likely to do a great many things for which industrious persons have neither time nor inclination.

THE result of the investigation into the educational affairs of Toronto by Mr. John Seath, High School Inspector for Ontario, is an interesting report rendered to the Minister of Education, regretting the duplication of work in the various schools, and advocating a rearrangement of the whole business. The Collegiate Institutes he finds overcrowded and insufficiently supplied with teachers, and he advocates that Toronto have four High Schools instead of three, the Technical School being added to the present list. He would have one or more classical High Schools, one devoted to commercial instruction, and the other to technical education. While the whole thing is being rearranged, if there were any really constructive mind engaged in the affair, a High School either entirely or principally devoted to female education should be arranged for, with which all the ladies' colleges in the city should be induced to affiliate. The enormous number of girls and young women who are sent to Toronto for more or less primary education in boarding-schools, should be supplied with a really good curriculum and with first-class teachers. The present proprietors of such institutions now under-taking the education of young ladies would find as much profit in superintending the residences occupied by these young people and divided according to religion or cost, as they do now, while the benefit to the pupils would be vastly increased. It is all very well to affiliate the colleges and universities, but we should not be satisfied with this. The great non-Catholic problem is the education of young women. Those in the confidence of each denomination can easily provide residences for young lady pupils sent to them, in which, besides receiving a liberal Ontario High School education, they can obtain instruction in music and the accomplishments which are deemed necessary. To provide a school of housekeeping and domestic economics for local pupils and those who come from afar, would mean but a trifling expense. Toronto is endeavoring to be, and is, the great college center of Canada. By taking a little pains in the reorganization of the High Schools and the affiliation of ladies' colleges with one of them, work conspicuously necessary could be done which would be of great profit to the city and of untold benefit to the province and the country at large.

Mr. Snare—I must say you're very difficult to please. Ellen. Mrs. Snare—How can you say so when I married you?

Social and Personal.

THE Presbyterian Ladies' College was on Friday evening the scene of a bright and exceedingly pleasant reunion, when Mrs. McIntyre received the invited guests who took part in the annual closing Christmas At Home. Mrs. McIntyre, received in the west drawing-room, very handsomely gowned in mouse grey voile with pretty floating half sleeves of evening chiffon and applications of lace. Miss Patterson, in black, with a trimming of fine white Brussels lace; Miss Harrison and Miss McDougall were of the reception party. The college had quite a festive appearance, with plenty of holy and beautiful roses and palms. The evening was spent by the elders in listening to a very good programme of music and readings by some clever pupils, and by the young folks in dancing to the music of the Italians, the dancers finding the long class-rooms in excellent order for the dance, with a capital floor. The company were much struck with the fine looking and happy young students, and complimented the staff and the handsome lady principal upon the evident health and well-being of the students. There is always a strong fraternal interest shown in this college, evidenced by the attendance of dignitaries from other like institutions, and on Friday this attendance was remarkably good. Mr. Burk of Port Arthur, always a jolly and genial friend of the college, was in his element, and Mrs. Burk was also present. Mr. J. A. Patterson and his bright daughter, Miss Kitchie; Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. J. McKinnon, the bride looking very handsome in a light figured foulard; Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, were just a few of the many guests. Plenty of men, young and old, chatted or danced with the fair students, during intervals of listening to the interesting programme in the drawing-rooms. About eleven supper was the main interest, and was very nicely served in the refectory dining-rooms. Guests were dropping in all the evening, as many of them had first attended the grand housewarming at the Flavelle residence in the Queen's Park, and arrived full of descriptions of the palatial home and the good cheer and sweet music there. I do not remember to have attended a brighter Christmas At Home at the college than that of last Friday. In fact these college closings are becoming quite grand and stylish functions of late, very different from the informal and sometimes tiresome evenings outsiders went through years ago.

The College Rifle Corps and U.C.C. gave a very charming dance to the young set on Friday evening, at which the not-outs wrested some of the laurels from this season's radiant crop of debutantes. It often happens, indeed, that "little sister" enjoys a better time than her senior at U.C.C. She is certainly always wild to go there. The dance was held in the large Assembly Hall, and the college men had arranged some nice sitting-out rooms. Mrs. Parkin received for the hosts in a black sequined gown, and Mrs. Crowley looked very sweet in a pale voile gown over white silk. Mrs. Jackson, the distinguished-looking wife of the housemaster, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, and the daughters of the principal, assisted in looking after the guests. D'Alessandro's orchestra played for the dancers, and about eleven supper was served in the college dining-hall, at small tables the hall and corridors as well as the salle de danse being smartly decorated with appropriate designs. The dance programmes were prettily embellished with the crest of the Rifle Corps. In all the details of this dance, the care and kindness of the young hosts were very pleasantly evident. It was very well done.

A very jolly luncheon was given for some of the debutantes of this season in the Nile room at McConkey's on Monday. Five tables were arranged for the repast, and prettily decorated with white flowers and holly, but the greatest attraction was the radiant laughing girls themselves. D'Alessandro's harpers played during the luncheon. The guests were Miss Mollie Walde, Miss Adele Falconbridge, Miss G'ady's Hardy, Miss Muriel Barwick, Miss Emma Gilmour, Miss Frances McLeod, Miss Etta Taylor, Miss Mary Mason, Miss Evelyn Ridout, Miss Jean David, Miss Ethel Gocderham, Miss Ethel Perry, Miss Grace Foy, Miss Florence Foy, Miss Carolyn Jarvis, Miss Grace Massey, Miss Janet Fuller, Miss Irene Britton, Miss Monica Pyne and Miss Florence Cosbie.

Miss Maud Cameron of Somerset and Miss Ella Creighton of Brantford will spend their holiday at sea, as they sailed last Saturday for England, from New York. Miss Creighton is going to her fiance's family on a visit. I hear that the Misses Edith and Hilda Bouillon and the Misses Street are also going to England.

A pretty and novel idea for a souvenir of a pleasant reunion is the hand-painted Watteau bouquet, which McConkey has imported from Paris. On one leaf the menu of the banquet is written, and the guests sign their names on the other pages of each other's souvenirs. The little Watteau figures on the cover are quite works of art, and the coloring is most dainty and delicate.

Mrs. Theo Coleman spent last week in town, on Christmas shopping intent, and returned to Copper Cliff on Sunday night. Toronto friends of this delightful woman regret that her visit was so short.

Mrs. Graham of Buffalo, who has been for some weeks at the Arlington, went to Buffalo on Saturday to spend the holidays. She will return to Toronto. I understand, about the middle of January.

Dr. James McLeod has been spending some time in Buffalo with relatives. I believe there is some prospect of his going to the States to practice later on.

The Misses Windeat have joined the artist group of which Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid were, I believe, the pioneers, when they built out beyond Indian road. The Misses Buchan have taken the Windeat house in Cecil street.

Mrs. Baldwin (née Wilcox of Thistledale), and Mr. Baldwin, are home for a short visit and are spending the holidays at Thistledale.

Miss Ethel Jones and Miss Muriel Burrows of Ottawa are visiting Mrs. Patterson.

Mrs. Edward Jones received many warm good wishes on her birthday anniversary on Saturday.

Mr. Alan Sullivan was in town for a few days last week. Mrs. Sullivan and the wee girlie Kathleen are very well and staying at Camp Elizabeth, New Ontario, for the winter.

Mrs. W. R. Brock has sent out cards for a tea on December 29th, Tuesday week.

Mrs. W. H. B. Atkyns is giving a young folks' tea this afternoon, one of the many holiday events on the tapis.

Mrs. Fiske has asked some of her friends to Chudleigh for tea this afternoon, "pour dire adieu," previous to her leaving for Montreal.

Dr. and Mrs. R. A. MacArthur of Chicago are in town spending the festal season with Dr. MacArthur's mother in Bloor street west.

Mr. Fred Sawers of Trinity School, Port Hope, spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hee's are expected in town for a holiday visit. I hear that Mrs. Joseph Read has not been very well lately.

Mrs. Stewart Gordon is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Hayter Reed, in Quebec.

Miss Ruth Fuller was seen off on Saturday afternoon by a sorrowing group of friends, who deplore her desertion of them for the fascinations of Gotham.

Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

A Series of Sermons by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., of the Unitarian Church.

VI.—THE NEW THOUGHT OF SALVATION.

PERHAPS no words are used oftener in Christian pulpits and Christian literature than the word "saint" and "saints" and its cognates "saved" and "Saviour." These words stand for great, important and permanent realities in connection with Christianity, few persons will question. And yet it cannot be denied that among thoughtful minds in nearly all churches there is a growing feeling that these words are often given meaning which in our day are growing unreal, and only poorly harmonize with either the intelligence or the best ethics of our time. In other words, a change of conception is beginning to appear in leading minds, not of one church only but of nearly all churches, as to what real salvation is, and consequently as to how it is to be attained. It is this new more real and more adequate salvation, which is beginning to be demanded by the best minds of our day, of all religious connections, that I am to consider to-night.

I take as my text the answer made by Jesus to the lawyer who asked how he might secure eternal life, found in Luke 10: 25-28: "A certain lawyer stood up and said to him, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' He said unto him, 'What is written in the law? How readest thou?' And he, answering, said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.' And he said unto him, 'Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.' Here we have a recognition of the fact that the true aim of salvation is life; and that the highest life is only reached by love—love to God and love to our fellowmen.

We shall be able to understand best the new thought of salvation if we first notice briefly the old, so as to get a clear basis for comparison and contrast. By the old conception of salvation I mean that which we have inherited not from Jesus, but from inferior teachers this side of Jesus—for the most part far this side of Jesus—that conception which finds expression in most of the creeds and theologies of the Christian world, and which is generally accepted in the churches to-day.

According to this conception, the first man and woman from whom all mankind have sprung, were created some six thousand or so years ago, and placed in a Paradise garden. There Satan, a fallen angel, or at least a being inimical to God, came to the inexperienced and innocent pair and persuaded them to eat of a certain fruit which they had been forbidden to taste. By their disobedience they fell from their condition of holiness and happiness, all their unborn descendants falling with them. Thus the whole human race came under the wrath and curse of God, and were made liable to everlasting perdition. From this perdition there was no escape except by the mercy of God. But in His mercy He provided a means of escape, or salvation, so such as could and would avail themselves of it. The plan was this: At the end of about four thousand years of time the Eternal Son of God, the second member of the Divine Trinity, would leave His place in Heaven, come down to the earth, become incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ, in Palestine, be born as a babe, grow up to manhood, preach for a time to the people of Galilee, and Jerusalem that he was a Saviour, suffer crucifixion at the hands of enemies, be buried, rise again, and be received back to Heaven. His death would be in some way propitiatory and sacrificial; He would take the place of men in such a manner as to pay their debt, and make it possible for God to forgive and save them. Such is called "the plan of salvation."

According to this plan, who are saved? Before the coming of Christ into the world a few were saved in Palestine of those who belonged to the chosen race of which He was to be born, and who, being miraculously informed before-hand of His coming, looked forward by faith to that event. Since His coming such have been saved in various parts of the world as have heard of Him and have accepted Him as their Saviour. The rest of the world are lost.

Just how does this plan of salvation become available? As already said, by faith. Precisely what this means, may not be easy to say, but the most common statements are that men are saved by "accepting Christ" as their "propitiation," as their "sacrifice," as their "atonement Saviour," as one who has "paid the debt they owe," as one whose "blood cleanses them from sin."

What is the object of this plan of salvation? It may have other objects that are secondary or incidental, but, already pointed out, its great and primary and all overshadowing object is to undo in part the ruin caused by the fall of our first parents, and save as many of the human race as may avail themselves of its provision, from a hell of endless suffering, and give them admission to a heaven of eternal bliss.

Such, then, in its essential features, is the conception of salvation which has long been dominant in Christendom. In the light of the knowledge and the thought of to-day what is to be said about it? There is no denying that doubt about the reality of any such salvation is steadily growing in many minds. And the minds affected by this doubt are not those of least intelligence; nor are they necessarily irreligious or irreligious. On the contrary, the doubters are for the most part men and women of knowledge, who are especially well qualified to form a reliable judgment, and many of them are persons of the most unquestioned piety. Some of the reasons why the old conception of salvation is breaking down are the following:

First. The primary postulate upon which it is based is more and more being adjudged to be a myth, and not a fact. The conception starts with the fall of Adam. It is the supposed fall of Adam, and of the race in him, that makes any such salvation as is contemplated necessary or possible. If there was no Adam and no fall, then the scheme of salvation, based upon these, becomes simply a dream. Was there any Adam? Was there any fall? If there is anything which the science of the past fifty years has made certain, it is that the world has been in existence many millions of years; that man was created not six thousand years ago but many times six thousand, and that he was not created in a high condition from which he fell, but in a very low condition from which he has risen. Thus men who think and who have respect for facts, are simply driven to the conclusion that the Genesis story is not history, but like the similar cosmological stories found in connection with other sacred books and other religions, is a myth or legend.

Second. The old conception of salvation involves a low and unworthy idea of God. Think of a God who could create a hell of endless torments and consign to it any sentient beings, much less His own children! Think of a God who could do so monstrous a thing as to hang the eternal destiny of a world upon a single action of an inexperienced pair, who had no more moral strength than children, and were no more capable of understanding the import of what they were doing than children! A conception of salvation which represents God as doing such deeds condemns itself. Intelligent men instinctively push it away, saying It belongs to a darker past. It is time we laid it aside and moved forward to conceptions of the Divine character which are higher and better.

Third. The old conception of salvation is more and more coming to be looked upon as immoral. It saves men by putting the penalty of their sins upon another. It makes the innocent suffer in the place of the guilty. Anything of this kind done between man and man in society around us would seem to us shocking. Suppose it were known that in some prison the punishment of a guilty man had been put upon an innocent man, what an outcry there would be! Even if the innocent man had consented to receive the punishment, would that satisfy the public? We should all say that he had no right to consent. Or if he did, we should say that the officer had no right to punish him, so

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

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GOWANS KENT &



JUDSON SMITH HAWLEY, unimpressive in manner and unimportant in appearance, was reeve of Tamarack Township, popular on the side lines, and influential everywhere except in his home. Everyone called him Jud—"everyone" included his wife in this respect, though perhaps in no other—and even the schoolteacher and the preacher, when they enquired from the rapidly maturing son and daughter with regard to their father's health, had never been known to call him "Mr. Hawley." Sincerity, an absence of extreme views, and a tendency to refrain from an expression of opinion, could hardly account for Jud Hawley's popularity, though in a rural community such characteristics almost invariably prevent a man from being widely disliked. For years it had been a rule in Tamarack Township for those about to die or to organize an agricultural exhibition, a mutual fire insurance company, a cheese factory, a creamery, or raise money to build a church or to present a purse to a departing pastor, to ask Jud Hawley to take charge of the cash. His wife was a Methodist. "Naturally he was a Baptist," as he was wont to explain, "because his father and mother had been," but he and his family went mostly to the Presbyterian church because "it was handiest." In politics he admitted that there was much in his party which needed to be reformed, and he was always able to see much worth praising in the party to which he did not belong. Being a good judge of land, he had sold the poor farm his father left him and bought two hundred fertile acres on Pickerel Creek near where it emptied into the lake. His generous habit of helping his neighbors when they were hard up by buying their best stock at reasonable prices, put him in possession of the best horses and cattle and sheep owned by any man in the county. His wife's ambition had taxed his resources to their utmost, not only in building an expensive house, but in painting his barns and building wire fences which were the envy of his neighbors and one of the solid comforts of his life. With all these advantages, so likely to cause a man to be disliked by his less fortunate neighbors, Jud Hawley's popularity increased until it was reckoned that a tea-meeting was not a complete success unless he was there, and that every funeral was a failure when he was absent.

After several days' absence Jud had just arrived from town, where the county council had been holding its first meeting in the new year. Neither his son nor the hired man, who did not expect his return, was on hand to unhitch his horse, but the task of attending to it himself in the winter twilight failed to ruffle his temper. With his little valise in his hand he slipped quietly in through the kitchen doorway, "Hullo, Easter," sounding cheerfully through the large room in which an overheated and anxious woman was busily ironing the weekly wash.

"Is that you, Jud?" she snapped.

"Yes, Easter. Where's the girls?"

"Oh, they're gettin' your silly ways, runnin' round after all kinds of fool things just as you do. Emilie's gone over to help git ready for the tea-meetin', and of course Mary Jane had to go home 'cause her mother's sick—terrible strange thing that the hired girl's mother always gits sick on wash or ironin' days."

"Where's George and the hired man? Gone to the tea-meetin' too?"

"George took Emilie over to the meetin'-house, but Hiram's quit."

"Quit, has he? How's that? His month ain't up for two weeks."

"If you'd stay home a little more and pay a little attention to me and the fam'ly you'd a' seen that Hiram was makin' up to Emilie, and no girl of mine's ever goin' to marry a hired man."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Jud, who was taking off his town shoes. "I never noticed it. Did he bed down the stock afore he went?"

"No, he didn't; he went this afternoon. George said he'd git back in time to do the chores," snapped Mrs. Hawley as she banged her iron down on the stand, "and I want to tell you I'm goin' too if you don't stay home an' look after things. I'm workin' and worryin' and runnin' the hull place while you're round foolin' your time away at funerals, weddin's, county councils, and all them silly things. I'm wore out."

She did not look "wore out," a large, healthy and handsome woman, not over forty-five, with an almost unbroken face, blazing brown eyes, and hair only sprinkled with gray.

"It does seem kind o' hard on ye, Easter. Guess I'll go out and look after the stock."

"Guess you'd better. George ain't feelin' any too sweet, and says he's goin' out to Manitoba if you don't git a new hired man right off. You're terrible hard on George! Seems like as if you didn't think he had no soul, always keepin' him workin' and grindin' while you don't do nuthin' but run round."

"Well, I didn't fire the hired man, Easter. I'll try to git another one just as soon as I can. Let the rest of the ironin' go. Mary Jane can finish it to morrow." Nothing could disturb Jud Hawley's cheerfulness. He took down the lantern, which had not been cleaned since he left home, lit it without remark, and went out to the barns. When he got back his wife Esther had supper ready and looked at him across the table with a red and angry face.

"I've just been makin' up my mind, Jud Hawley, that I

hain't goin' to work any more as I've been. Here I'm helpin' milk cows, washin' and ironin', and bakin' the bread, and feedin' all sorts of tramps that you bring round, while you're always bein' bearer at somebody's funeral, goin' to cheese factory meetin's, the township council, or runnin' off to town as you've just been doin'."

"I'm goin' to quit. No hired man'll stay with you, and your own son is goin' to Manitoba if you keep runnin' on him as you've been doin'."

"Emilie's ready to marry the hired man even, ruther'n slave like she has to."

"It doesn't seem as if the hired man quit because he had too much work to do, now does it?" interrupted Hawley mildly. "Seems ruther as if you'd sent him off because he was too sweet on Emilie. George don't have to work half as hard as I had to when I was workin' on your father's rented farm. But then we needn't bring up no old things; everything'll be all right to-morrer, for I know half a dozen fellows just lookin' for a chance to work some place where they'll git as good grub and pay as they do here."

"Yes," snapped Mrs. Hawley; "you're mighty careful to see your hired help gits good grub, but you never mind that I have to do the cookin'."

"Well, Easter, Emilie helps you, doesn't she? And I always keep a good girl to help you both."

"Jist like you. Girls don't know nuthin' and I have to do it all," snarled Mrs. Hawley as she poured her husband a cup of tea.

"Yes, Easter, it does seem as if we had to do it all ourselves, no matter how much help we buy—"

"Yes, we have to do it all ourselves, and that's me. With you always away I'm runnin' hither and fro, half the time with no kindlin' for the stove and things goin' wrong."

"Now, Easter, don't git hot over it, for you know there ain't a man in Tamarack Township works harder on his farm than I do, and we ain't so bad off considerin' how shiftless I am, accordin' to your talk. I had nuthin' but fifty acres of poor land when father died, and I had to work out afore that. Now we've got two hundred acres of the best land in the county, best stock, best house, best barns, best fences." Jud let his chin drop into the hand which was supported by an elbow resting on the table. "I hadn't thought to tell you that I've been elected warden of the county at the meetin' this mornin'."

"What, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, with unaffected surprise and contempt.

"Yes, me, Easter. I kind o' seem to git along even if you don't think I'm any account."

"Any pay in bein' warden?" demanded Mrs. Hawley with considerable eagerness.

"No, jist a hundred dollars a year. I'll have to spend most of that givin' the county councillors a dinner. But then it's a kind of an honor; next best place to bein' member of parliament."

"Jist like you, Jud Hawley. Never no pay in nuthin' you do; jist a little honor; jist more hitchin' up; jist more runnin' round; jist more foolin' away your time and lettin' your farm and fam'ly go to rack and ruin. So old Jason Williams ain't warden no more, eh? There's one good thing about it; Old Harriet Williams won't be lordin' it round any more as wife of the warden. I'll have to have a new dress afore I can go out any place with you. I ain't had a new dress in two years."

"All right, Easter; go and git a new dress," observed her husband, as he pushed back his chair and went over and wiped his mouth on the roller-towel—before he went to the county council he would have used the table-cloth. "Only don't rub it into me about neglectin' you and the children, 'cause I don't think about nobody else."

"Then show it by your actions, Jud Hawley," snapped the irritated woman as she began to clear the table. "I can't be run by talk like the rest of the folks you have chasin' round after you. I'm wore out."

Jud lit his pipe and put his stockinged feet on the fender of the oven. "Wore out, be you? How'd you like to live in town?"

"What d'you mean, Jud? Got another silly scheme for doin' nuthin' and puttin' all the work on me? 'Course I'd like to live in town if we'd the means, which we never will have while you keep runnin' round."

"Well," said Jud reflectively, "the county treasurer tells me he's goin' to resign this fall; gittin' kind of old; kind o' wants to quit havin' work and care. I think the same vote that elected me warden would probably make me county treasurer if I do a little runnin' round that you seem to object to so much."

"What'd you do with the farm?" demanded Mrs. Hawley, as she put the last of the tea dishes in the pantry. "Rent it,

I suppose, and have it all go to pot. That Wilson house on Center street'd be an awful nice place for us, wouldn't it? And I could give a big party for Emilie and git her out of the notion of likin' Hiram."

An amused look came into Hawley's eyes as he watched his wife and followed her disconnected thoughts. "The county treasurer don't git more'n a thousand dollars a year, but I guess you and me could live on that and keep Emilie, with what would be comin' from the farm in the way of rent and things to eat."

"There you go, Jud Hawley, talkin' about the farm as if George'd have to pay rent and keep us in town as well. First thing you know he'll be off to Manitoba and the farm'll be runnin' to weeds."

"Well, Easter, what would you have me do?" Jud asked reflectively as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Shall I take it or not?"

"Why, take it, of course. I'm wore out drudgin' here on the farm, and if now you've got a chance to git something for always bein' smooth and meek to people, you don't take it, you'll have been wastin' your time sure. How long is the appointment for? Life, hain't it?"

"Yes, the county treasurer can keep his place for life if he behaves himself, and maybe if he runs round enough he'll be able to git something better."

"Well, I'm glad that there's some show of George gittin' a chance. Jist as soon as you git settled in your new-fangled office you can give the farm to George and he can git married. That'll kind o' settle him."

"He can git married without me givin' him the farm. Easter, I'll give him a good show if he wants to git married, but I guess you and me had better keep the deed, for offices even if they're for life, are pretty ticklish things to rely on."

"There you go again, Jud Hawley! You won't trust your own flesh and blood. No matter what happened, even if George had the farm, and he can't marry that Wilkinson girl unless he has it, he'd always be good to you. I hain't afraid to take chances."

"George was comin' home to do the chores to-night, was he?" enquired Jud as he prepared for bed. "I guess there'd have been some hungry stock if I hadn't happened to git home—"

"There you go again. You do make me so hot," shrilly retorted the tired woman. "You think more about the stock and the chores than you do of George havin' a little pleasure. Young folks has got to be young and have their time. I suppose George found the Wilkinson girl at the tea-meetin', and stayed. He'd have attended to the chores after he got home even if you hadn't been here. You seem to think that nuthin' goes on without you. I never saw such a fool man. Always good to everybody but your own."

"Well, good night, Easter. I suppose you're goin' to sit up for George and Emilie. I'm kind o' tired; I'm goin' to bed."

CHAPTER II.

The end of the year saw Jud Hawley installed as county treasurer. Elected at the last meeting of the County Council, his retirement from the wardenship and his induction into the new position made him a prominent figure. The house in Center street had been bought and newly furnished, for Mrs. Hawley could not be satisfied after having been "wore out" with work on the farm, by anything except the most modern upholstery and the newest designs in kitchen appliances. Her

two-hundred-acre farm well stocked, and a handsome house well furnished, he was of course met by the usual "There you go again, Jud. You think 'cause we've had to go through with that kind o' thing that nobody'll be any good unless they lay awake nights thinkin' how they can pay interest on a mortgage."

The details of the transfer were left to "Old-Man Macpherson," the county's solicitor, and an official with whom Jud had had many dealings during the time he had sat in the County Council. Macpherson was not an old man, but he had an old head, and, though it was not generally recognized, a large heart. As soon as Jud was elected county treasurer he consulted with the county solicitor as to the bonds he would have to give, and frankly explained the situation.

"It's bad policy to give a boy a deed of the farm," remarked Macpherson in his direct and forcible fashion, "but if the wife is determined, he must have it. There will be no peace for ye till he gets it. You will have to have bondsmen for twenty thousand dollars, and poplar as ye are, there are few willing to tak' the risk. Get the boy to give me a mortgage for that amount, covering any malfeasance in office or trouble of any kind that ye may get in, either in office or out of it, and I will go on your bond with him and you can give him the deed and that will make peace in your home. He needn't know that he is signing anything more than the bond, and he knows well enough to have no fear of your conduct, but it may be very useful later on."

The party for Emilie was duly given, and amidst the new surroundings she seemed to forget her tenderness for the hired man in her newly developed affection for her father, of whom she saw so much more than ever before. Mrs. Hawley's passion for new dresses and company, however, increased day by day.

"You make me tired, Jud," she said one night, after a little court-house and political coterie of the county town had left their hospitable board. "No matter how long you live you won't be nutlin' better'n a farmer ready to hitch up and go to funerals and tag round just to have somebody shake hands with you. Why don't you take the nomination, seein' that they all want you to? You've got agoin' now; why won't you hitch up again and go to Ottawa?"

She looked amazingly handsome in her silk gown, cut low on her splendid neck, and Jud groaned to think of how he had started this excellent housekeeper on a social career.

"It'll take money, Easter, and this North Riding is a hard place to fight. The party's blamed willin' to put up somebody to spend money, but it's run slow in payin' any of the expenses. I'd just like to see you in Ottawa, for there hain't a handsomer woman in the world than you are, Easter," and he laid his hand affectionately on her bare and well-rounded arm, "but I'd have to give up the treasurership, and you know we've given the farm over to George."

"Now, don't you begin to talk about George as if he'd given you the worst of it," she snapped, jerking her arm away from her husband's kindly touch. "Politics has spoiled you. You don't trust nobody. There hain't a better boy in the hull Dominion than George, and now that he's married to the Wilkinson girl, little as I think of her, he's settled down and we'll have a home no matter what happens. More'n that, we've got Emilie to git settled, and if we went to Ottawa she'd have a chance that she's never had before."

"I don't want any chance, mother," protested the feminine reproduction of the mild-mannered Jud. "Don't let's try to do things that we can't do. Dad'll have lots more chances for nominations. Let's get kind of used to living in town before we try to go further."

Mrs. Hawley looked at her daughter with the same contemptuous toleration with which it was her habit to regard her husband when any difference of opinion arose. "You're just like Jud, Emilie; gittin' more and more like him every day. The more foolish he gets the more silly you git. If it hadn't been for me we'd all be feedin' pigs now instead of sittin' here with the county judge and the best people in this town. You'd



HE SLIPPED QUIETLY IN THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOORWAY.

unceasing clamor that the farm and all the furniture of the old homestead should be turned over to the beloved George had been meekly yielded to by the popular but unaggressive Jud. He felt that he was making a mistake, but his heart's desire was to please his wife and to quiet the continual disturbance caused by her maternal anxiety to have George settled. The difference between the happy days when the children were small and the life he led since his son and daughter had imported new issues into domestic discussions, made him unhappy. When he suggested that probably it would be better for George and themselves if the young fellow had to start about half-way between where his father began and a

have been out pailin' cows and skummin' milk, with no higher aim in life than runnin' round with Jud to tea-meetin's and funerals. I'm gittin' wore out tryin' to git you to do something."

"How'd we make a livin', Easter, supposin' we went down to Ottawa? No farm, no office, no nuttin' but a thousand dollars a year sessional indemnity—"

"A thousand dollars a year indemnity! Well, that's all you git now, Jud Hawley, and Ottawa hain't no dearer to live in than where we are. Do have some sense!"

(Continued to page 15.)



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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald of Halifax and their only daughter, Miss Georgina Archibald, of Halifax, came down this month to spend some time in Toronto for the benefit of Miss Archibald's health. They have interests in our city which are particularly strong at Christmastide, at their two sons, Dr. Thomas Archibald and Mr. Archibald of the Bank of Nova Scotia, are residing here. Mrs. Archibald, who is one of the coterie of Hellmuth College girls many of whom are settled here, has been quite absorbed in the care of her daughter, who is in the General Hospital, and has scarcely seen any of her old friends. On one day last week Mrs. McLeod of St. George street, another acquisition from Halifax whom Toronto much appreciates, gave a smart luncheon for Mrs. Archibald.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson are enjoying a visit from their son, Mr. Harry Coulson, of Montreal, who is down for the holiday season. Mr. and Mrs. Coulson have a fine son up in Copper Cliff, in a bank, who has found friends in Dr. and Mrs. Coleman in that arid region, and Mrs. Coulson is one of the many mothers who have a warm spot in their hearts for the kindly doctor and his talented wife, on account of hospitality so freely offered to their boys, so far from home.

Mr. Hamilton Harman is this week the guest of the Misses Merritt. Mr. Allen Case has been ordered to Essex, and leaves for his new post on Monday.

Mrs. Young and Mrs. Tidwell of Hamilton, who have been guests at Yeandon Hall, have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthron had a delightful Christmas dinner, at which beside their own home circle several of their friends were included in their always charming hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, who have made most extensive additions to their home in Madison avenue, entertained a large family party on Christmas. Many loving thoughts and words went to sweet Mrs. Alan Sullivan, always the cherished pet of this party.

Miss Honor Clayton is to visit friends in town for some time. I understand she arrives to-day.

Flying visits are being paid to Toronto these days by persons desiring something extra nice in the way of Christmas boxes for their dear ones. One sees bright, busy faces, hears cries of "Oh! how are you?" Just down for a day's shopping, and the visitor passes on, too busy to gossip or pause. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday several well-known society folk refused with adamantine firmness the hurried invitation to luncheon with some good friend at their homes, on plea of lack of time, and then put in an hour and a half in the smart lunch-room down town, trying to secure something to eat there, while the Canadian Club, two hundred and twenty-five strong, a ladies' luncheon party of twenty-one covers, an informal jolly party in the Rose room, and those "naughty but nice" little tête-à-tête luncheons in the various private rooms, were all on the hands of the staff. The Canadian Club is already finding its new banquet hall none too large, and had a record luncheon on Monday. Dr. Goldwin Smith spoke, and his welcome was the most spontaneous testimony of his place in the hearts and minds of Young Canada.

The "wees" are to have a lovely time at Mrs. Fred Gooch's on next Tuesday evening. The cards from Master and the Misses Gooch have delighted many a small heart. The party is to be from half-past four to nine o'clock.

I believe there will not be the usual "New Year tea" at Stanley Barracks this season. The officers are, I understand, thinking of giving a dance later in the new year.

Mrs. Lawrence Cosgrave's reception at McConkey's on next Tuesday afternoon will be a large and smart affair. It is said that Mr. Cosgrave is one of the latest possibilities for a senatorship. Mrs. Cosgrave is a handsome and courteous hostess, and will have for the first time the assistance of her debutante daughter, one of the prettiest and most unaffected of this year's beauties.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn had their usual family party at a charming dinner on Christmas day, and also several friends, who much prize this festivity and enjoy a jolly evening with a perfect host and hostess.

Mrs. Brock gives a holiday tea next Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Margaret Caudwell, Miss Hoskin's guest, has returned home for the festive season.

The accident by which handsome Mr. Cook of Dowling avenue has been laid hors de combat with a broken bone is most regrettable, especially at this jolly season.

The president of the Male Chorus Club entertained the club at a delightful supper on Monday evening in the parlors of the Victoria Rink. The only guests not members of the club were Mr. Wilson Smith and Mr. McMurrich, past presi-

dent. Everything was well done, under the orders of so experienced and knowing a host, and the affair, at which some seventy members were guests, was most enjoyable. Interesting speeches, both reminiscent and prophetic, were made, and the whole affair was much enjoyed by all.

Miss Dora Murphy of Innisfil, who has been some time an inmate of St. John's Hospital, hopes to be well enough to return home next week.

Mrs. Larkin of Elm avenue is giving a young people's dance for her son Gerald on next Friday evening, January 2, 1903.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley had a jolly family party at Barnstable for Christmas. Mr. Basil Elmsley, who is in Ottawa, came down for the holidays. This is, I fancy, the first Christmas quite free from anxiety for several years for this father and mother, as Captain Elmsley has missed several Christmases while on service and renewed service in South Africa.

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Mr. Tellit glared at the paper vindictively and heaved a wrathful sigh.

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Tellit, "you need not grow so excited about it. What is it that moves you so, anyway?"

"Here it is," said Mr. Tellit, as he jabbed his finger against the paper.

"Here it is. It says that the students at Harvard University are to be permitted to have a kommers whenever they desire."

"A kommers? What is that? Do they sew it on their gowns?"

"Sew it on!—Good heavens, woman! Does your mind never rise above special sales and the sewing machine? A kommers isn't to be worn. It is to be had. It's a—a—dodge it, it isn't anything! It's just like a lawn fete, only it isn't one. They have a keg of beer and a few dews, and they sing 'Im Tiefe Keller' until the fellow who can hit the lowest note oftenest within a given time gets the first prize. That's what a kommers is. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but I don't see what—"

"Of course you don't see. You can't see anything unless it has a marked-down price tag on it, and you have my week's wages in your hand. You can't see! Here we are sending our sons to college to get higher education, and to learn all about the inside workings of geometry, and who built the pyramids, and what causes the tides, and how to handle logarithms without gloves; and they have been coming home loaded up with fool college yells and football hair and the choruses of college songs. And now they are to have kommerses—if that's the plural. It's a fine thing, Mrs. Tellit, a fine thing! We might just as well send our sons to the saloon around the corner and save travel expenses and board bills for them. It's a great idea! Huh?"

"But, my dear," meekly protested Mrs. Tellit, "I'm not to blame for it, and be-

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

In the meantime the Wyersdale people had overwhelmed both Astley and Norma with their congratulations, while at the same time they were full of hard-repressed curiosity as to the reason of the tragedy. That it was in some way connected with the unhappy circumstances of Astley's marriage they knew, but that was nearly all.

Norma could tell them little; but she wrote a note to Mr. Capper, before he left The Haigh, containing a suggestion which she begged that he would make to Astley.

It was that, since he had made up his mind to leave the neighborhood altogether, and since she herself was going away, too, he should make the continuance of his allowance to his wife conditional on her coming to live at The Haigh.

Astley thought the suggestion a strange one, but Mr. Capper approved of it.

"Lady Darwen is quite right," said he. "It will clear away any mystery about the first wife once for all. It will ensure her behaving properly, and prevent any repetition of the tricks she has already played upon you."

So the solicitor wrote to Lottie informing her of Sir Astley's decision. The answer came from Mrs. Midsomer, who said her daughter was not well enough to move at present.

This answer roused Mr. Capper's ready suspicions, and he replied that, unless Mrs. Midsomer and her two daughters could find it convenient to fulfil his expressed wish without further delay, he was instructed to inform them that the allowance would be cut off at once.

To this second letter there came a submissive answer. If it cost her daughter her life, Mrs. Midsomer wrote, she would bring her to The Haigh on one condition, that the lady who was using the title of Lady Darwen should have left the town.

To this Mr. Capper, without consulting Norma, at once agreed. But, with the suspicion he was not unjustified in feeling, he called upon Norma immediately after this, and suggested that, on the day of the arrival of the ladies, if the meeting would not be too painful to her, she would do well to call at The Haigh on some excuse of fetching something that belonged to her, and to have one more conversation with Lottie.

"You say she seemed rather contrite about having placed you in a false position," said Mr. Capper. "Perhaps, if she sees you unexpectedly, and understands that you are not vindictive, she may be inclined to make a confession which would free Sir Astley, rather than remain in the practical confinement of The Haigh, where she is not likely to make many friends, or to have a very lively time."

Though rather reluctantly, Norma agreed to this; and when, a week later, Mr. Capper came to her lodgings to take her to The Haigh, on the arrival of the Leamington party to take up their residence, she was dressed and waiting for him.

"We've got a disappointment for you," he said. "At the last moment, this precious Lottie had to be left behind. They say she was too ill to travel, but I expect she took fright, and refused to come. But they've given their word, the mother and sister, that she shall come next week; and I've told them that, if she doesn't, Sir Astley will certainly carry out his threat."

"Then I needn't go to the house," said Norma with an air of relief.

"I should, if I were you. This Mrs. Finch is not such a bad sort of woman; she's the best of the bunch, at any rate. And you may as well see the mother, who is an artful, intriguing woman, much of the same type as Lottie herself."

"Where is Astley?" asked Norma tremulously, as she began to walk quickly in the direction of The Haigh with her companion.

Norma felt a pang of the jealousy she could not repress at any mention of the Hall, where the beautiful Lady Myfanwy lived.

She said nothing, however, and Mr. Capper tried to keep up her spirits by chat on indifferent matters until they came to the portico.

The butler informed them that the ladies were in the drawing-room.

It was a bright, spring-like day, and the wide hall looked a little less gloomy than usual as Norma and Mr. Capper crossed it together.

When the drawing room door was thrown open, the sun was streaming in brightly, imparting a transient brightness to the faded glories of that melancholy state apartment. By the fire sat the two women, quietly dressed in black.

Both turned their heads as the visitors entered, and both started violently when the butler announced:

"Lady Darwen and Mr. Capper."

Norma came timidly forward. She had not reached the middle of the room when she stopped short, and uttered a low cry.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Capper, on the alert for surprises.

But Norma could not speak. She could only stare wide-eyed, at the younger of the two women, who, pale, trembling, nervous, stood before her, unable to utter a word.

"What is it?" repeated the solicitor, drawing nearer, and looking from the one to the other of the two younger women, and from them to Mrs. Midsomer, who was more utterly overwhelmed than either of the others.

Indeed it was she who gave the first indication of where the mystery lay. Muttering to herself, "Oh, dear, oh, dear! Now they'll know everything!" the elder woman stole quickly across the room and out into the hall before it had occurred

behind her desk, and her cupboards, and he found this old letter, one of the scores she used to write and then never send. If you remember, it said just this: "Will you forgive me for my deceit?" "Yes, I remember."

"Well, she meant deceit of another kind, something that could have been proved against her."

"What a mass of trickery!" cried Mr. Capper impatiently.

Norma sat silent, chilled with horror and disgust in the midst of the relief she felt.

"Then this unlucky Rogerson," said Mr. Capper, "was murdered, I suppose, because he knew too much, and threatened to tell."

"Yes. Poor Tom Rogerson!" He was really fond of Lottie, and—well, I don't want to say anything about either of them but just this. Tom Rogerson knew that Lottie was dead, and when he heard how Sir Astley was being tricked, he said it was a shame, and he should like to know the truth. I don't say his motives were altogether disinterested: poor Tom didn't like work, and he guessed that Sir Astley would be grateful for any information which put an end to his anxiety. So he came to Blackdale, and called at the doctor's house, and I believe there was a dreadful scene. But Tom stuck to his intention, and said he would meet Sir Astley, and tell him everything. And—and—you know what happened?" she added in a low voice.

There was silence for a space. Then Mr. Capper, who had been standing on the hearthrug with his hands behind him, walked forward a few steps on the way to the door.

"My wife, my wife at last! Didn't I tell you it would come true?" murmured he into her ear.

"Oh, Astley, is it true? Can you believe it? Do you love me? Aren't you tired of me? Oh, it's too much, it's too much joy!"

But the young baronet had not many minutes to spare at that time for his new-found wife. There was another sentiment, a less tender one, in his heart. The resentment which, in the woman, was instantly swallowed up in happiness, burned high in his breast against the two women who had so readily joined the scoundrelly doctor in the conspiracy against him.

He went straight to the library, on hearing that Mrs. Finch was there, not apparently needing Norma's prayer that he would not be harsh. But she need not have been afraid. Emmeline Finch was so abjectly miserable that it was impossible for a kind-hearted man to do anything but let her off easily: and the end of it was, that though he bade her follow her mother out of the house, and never come there again, he promised them a small allowance to free them from the monetary troubles which beset them.

"And you were a very silly woman," he added by way of postscript, as she left the house, "not to apply to me at Oxford boldly, and save all this horror."

Then he went back, and as the two sat together by the fire, too solemnly happy to talk much, the door opened, and there burst in upon them not only Mr. Capper, but Jack Wyersdale and Miss Brown, and Lady Myfanwy.

"I don't think you deserve much frankly," said the lawyer, with a grim expression of face.

"I don't—think—we do," sobbed Mrs. Finch. "And now, oh, do let us get away before Sir Astley comes, do, do let us! I wouldn't face him for the world!"

"You could face him at Leamington, though, with a lie," said Mr. Capper sternly.

"By the by," he went on, with a puzzled face, "how did you manage to pass yourself off to him as your sister?"

"You are not very like her, and—and, why, surely you were with me all the time?"

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Curious Bits of News.

Visitors to Mexico contribute largely to sustaining the bull-fight of Juarez, so says the Mexican "Herald." They express their regret that a bull-fight is to be held, yet every one of them procures a ticket for a high-priced seat in the shade, and tries to secure a genuine blood-stained "banderilla" after the fight is over, to take home as a curiosity. A like inconsistency has often been reported against foreigners who visit Spain.

One of the Klondike millionaires who amazed Dawson by his reckless expenditure of suddenly-acquired wealth was "Nigger Jim" Daugherty, who is now poor and suffering from paralysis in a sanatorium near Tacoma. Daugherty was a boon companion of "Swift Water Bill" Gates, who has also run through a fortune, and had a costly experience with three wives in the divorce courts. Daugherty had one of the richest claims on Bonanza Creek, but his money was all squandered in three years.

Stone, wood, glass, brick and cinders have been used for street pavements, and now they are experimenting with steel in New York. Two strips of steel a foot wide have been laid down in the middle of a street, for a distance of a mile, for the use of heavy trucks, and the advocates of this kind of supplementary paving believe that it will be generally adopted for streets on which there is much traffic. They point to its successful use in Spain, where a two-mile stretch of road from Valencia to Grao is now kept in order for little more than one-fifteenth of the former expense.

Ibrahim Khan Dovleti, who has recently been appointed Persian ambassador at Athens, is said to be the first ambassador sent from Persia to Greece since Darius sent heralds in 491 B. C., to demand earth and water from the Greeks as symbols of submission to him. The Athenians made arrangements to welcome the Persian this time with imposing ceremonies, as they do not intend to kill him, as their ancestors did the messenger of Darius. Although Persia has had no minister in Greece for more than twenty centuries, it has been represented in Athens by a consul in recent years.

What the Spanish authorities believe to be the ashes of Christopher Columbus were deposited in a special mausoleum in Seville last month. They are the ashes which were removed from the cathedral in Santo Domingo and taken to Havana after the Spanish ceded the island in 1795. When Cuba ceased to be Spanish territory, the ashes were carried to Spain. The people of Santo Domingo insist that the remains of Columbus still rest in their cathedral, and that when, in the eighteenth century, the Spaniards removed the sarcophagus, they took the one which contained the body of the eldest son of the explorer. That their claim is well founded was conclusively shown by F. A. Ober in his investigations into the subject for the Columbian Exposition. Aside from the merits of the controversy, there is something tragic in the determination of the Spanish in their progressive retreat from their American empire to carry back with them what they believe to be the body of the man who opened that empire to them.

Bret Harte's Last Poem.

(On Queen Victoria's Death.)
When your men bowed heads together
With hushed lips,
And the globe swung out from gladness
To eclipse.

When your drums from the equator
To the pole,
Carried round in an unending
Funeral roll,

When your capitals from Norway
To the Cape
Through their streets and from their
houses
Trailed their crapes,

Still the sun awoke to gladness
As of old,
And the stars their midnight beauty
Still unrolled,

For the glory born of Goodness
Never dies,
And its flag is not half-masted
In the skies.

Punch's Hints For Housewives.

What to do with yesterday's mutton.—Eat it yesterday.

Soups should be made the day before they are required—never the day after. For keeping the best deliciously cool in the summer months there is nothing like sleeping on the sofa.

To make people feel at home.—Visit them at their own houses.

To prevent sunburn.—Keep in the shade.

The best thing to do if you desire to have soft white hands.—Nothing.

Think Hard.**It Pays to Think About Food.**

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, as illustrated in the experience of a lady who resides in Fond du Lac, Wis.:

About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength. "I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally, and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

I gained ten pounds in this short time and my skin became clear, and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum, for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. I like the delicious flavor of Grape-Nuts, and by making Postum according to directions it cannot be distinguished from the highest grade of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Lady and the Burglar.

OLIVE P. VAN GELDEREN, only daughter of Senator Cornelius P. Van Gelderen, is one of the prettiest girls in New York. But she had the toothache rather badly one night just recently.

Her proper course was to ring for her maid. But she is a girl who dislikes to give trouble, so she just threw on a few things and a wrapper, and sallied downstairs in the dead dark of the early hours. She knew where the toothache was kept, in a cupboard in the back dining-room.

As she reached the landing at the top of the first flight she heard something. It sounded like a stealthy footfall. She strained her eyes and held her breath. There was a man creeping cunningly along in the hall. As she peered at him over the banisters, she saw a black patch where his face should have been. He was wearing a mask.

She saw him turn a handle and enter the small dining-room, closing the door softly behind him.

What was she to do? Papa was not at home, and the servants were all in bed and sound asleep. Should she run back upstairs, lock herself in her own room and hide her head under the blankets? That would be girlish, but not heroic.

"I know there's a six-chambered revolver in the drawer in the big dining-room," she meditated. "If I could reach it without him hearing me, I could hold him up."

She began to slide down the staircase as silently as a snowflake. She quicked as she reached the hall, wondering if the boards would creak—but millionaires can afford solid floors in their houses, and there was not a sound. She drifted noiselessly into the large dining-room, found the drawer, and abstracted the revolver.

She stood back in a corner of the room, grasping the weapon, and facing the door. Presently she heard a rustling noise outside. She could also hear her heart beating all the while.

"He's coming in," she told herself. "Now for it!"

But the door never moved. She listened intently. "He's going by! He's gone by! . . . Gracious, he's gone into papa's study!"

She congeated her brow for a few seconds. Then she beamed. "Guess it's working like charm," she said merrily.

Slowly, cautiously, she went out of the room, crossed the hall, and approached the door of the study. It was ajar. Ever so slightly, she pushed it open, until she could make out a man on his knees, over against the big cabinet. He was prizing at something with a tool, which glistened as it moved under the guarded rays of a dark lantern.

Just inside the door, on her left hand, was the electric light switch. She kept the revolver pointed in her right hand, stretched out her left, and, as she jerked the knob of the switch upwards, flooding the room with electric light, she kicked the door wide open.

The startled burglar scrambled to his feet.

"Hands up!" said the girl.

Automatically, he dropped his tool and raised his hands over his head. Then he snarled and looked vicious. It was a girl. But she covered him with a revolver.

"If you move, I'll fire!" she said. He stood perfectly still for some ten seconds, and then one of his hands perhaps felt tired, for it descended about two inches.

"Up with that hand. High up!" she cried. "Don't lark with me, or this revolver'll go off."

"All right, miss," growled the man. "What do you want me to do?"

Then she smiled grimly.

"Look here, now," she observed. "I'm going to tell you right what you've got to do. And I'm telling you first, that there's six bullets in this revolver. If you don't do what I tell you, or if you move one step towards me, I shall shoot my eyes and pull the trigger six times. And as I've got you covered, I reckon I'm bound to make a fair percentage of bull's-eyes. Is that understood?"

"All right, miss. I've got to do what you say?"

"Every time."

"And if I don't do what you tell me?"

"I start straight off pumping lead into you."

It was a bluggy expression, but she knew it would be effective, for she had it in a dime novel.

"Go ahead, miss. Give your orders. I'm a slave."

"That's what you are." She planked her back against the wall, keeping the muzzle of the revolver in a perfect line with the man.

"Now," she said, "Mr. Burglar, do you know what a telephone is?"

"I've seen 'em."

"Take a look at one. Move your head. Not you hand! . . . There's one to your right."

"I see it."

"Then just turn the handle."

"That'll call up the Exchange, won't it?"

"That's just what it will do."

"Then I don't turn it."

"If you don't, I'll fire."

He looked at her furtively. "Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Do you want me to prove my words?"

He shuffled his feet uneasily.

"Steady, now. Keep still or you're a dead man."

"If I don't turn that handle, you'll fire?"

"I will."

"Then I'll turn it."

"Wait. You've got to do it under orders. At the word one—put your right hand on the handle. . . . One!" He obeyed her. "At the word two—turn it. . . . Two!" He turned. "Now pick up the receiver—quick, man—and put it to your ear."

He looked like a fool, with one hand held high over his head and the other clasping the receiver to his ear.

"Now," she cried, "call out, 'Are you the Exchange?'"

"Are you the Exchange?" the burglar repeated.

"What do they say?"

"Yes, they are."

"Then"—the girl squared her lips—"tell them to connect you with the Central Police Office!"

The man jumped right round.

"Steady!" cried the young lady. "I'll fire if you don't do it directly."

"You won't!"

"I will!" and she raised the muzzle just an inch higher and her eyes blazed, and—

"All right," muttered the man, "I'm

in for it. . . . Put me on to the Central Police Office!" he shouted into the telephone.

"Now, hang up that thing, and wait till they ring. Keep your hands up."

He obeyed her like a dog. "You've got me cornered," he muttered.

"I have that," she admitted. . . . The bell rang.

She repeated her instructions, and he put the receiver to his ear.

"Ask if it's the police office," she commanded.

"What's the price?"

"Yes."

"Say this is Senator Van Gelderen's house in Blank avenue. . . . Have they got that? Right. Now say Miss Van Gelderen has got me covered with a revolver."

"You won't? You'd better. Don't fool with me. I'll fire six times. . . . Ah, that's right! Have they got that? Good! Now say, 'I'm a burglar.'"

"You won't?"

"I'll see you — first!"

"Don't be rude. When I've counted three, I'll shoot you. One, two—"

"It is murder!"

"I'm a burglar!" cried the man into the transmitter.

"And a pretty burglar you look," commented the girl. "But that's not your fault. Now tell them how you got in."

"I got in through the scullery window at the back of the house."

"Have they got that? Right. Now tell them to send some police officers right here. They can come in the same way. . . . You'd better say it, or you'll dig six deaths where you stand! . . . Have they got that? Right. Now drop that receiver, and—hands up!"

For ten long minutes they stood so, the poor thing of a burglar-man with his hands lifted towards the ceiling, the girl keeping him covered with her six-shooter ideas of escape.

Then they heard a scrambling in the back regions of the house, the crash and tumble of heavy bodies, a scurry-furry along the passages, and—

"Here!" cried the girl, "this way!"

Four stalwart police officers swarmed in and grabbed the man. The girl fainted.

When they brought her to, she found several of her amazed domestics around her, while a big, smiling police sergeant was toying with the little silvered revolver.

"Why, missy," he said, "the blamed pea-shooter ain't loaded!"

"I know it's not!" she moaned. "Do you think I'd have fooled about with a horrid thing like that if it had been loaded?"

"You tell me one bread, two butters," says the waiter.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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NO. 7.

The Drama

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS, unquestionably (to my mind) the most droll and the most spontaneous low comedian on the American stage, has at length found a role worthy of his talents in a musical piece that gives scope for the serious efforts of a first-class singing organization. Since Mr. de Angelis rose on the horizon as a stellar light, his ray has never shone unclouded until now. "The Jolly Musketeer" and "A Royal Rogue," while pleasing in a harmless and inane fashion, were but poor vehicles for either the vocalist or the comedian, compared with "The Emerald Isle," Sir Arthur Sullivan's delightful posthumous opera. Mr. de Angelis as Prof. Bunn, Shakespearian reciter, character impersonator, and prestidigitator, is a creation worthy of the best traditions of comic opera. He is comical without being vulgar, and absurd without being nonsensical. And, as never before, Mr. de Angelis has surrounded himself with trained and gifted vocalists, fully equal to the interpretation of Sir Arthur Sullivan's refined and beautiful scores. "The Emerald Isle" is genuinely Irish in spirit and atmosphere. The settings and costumes are no less pretty and characteristic than the music. Combined, all the influences that contribute to the ensemble of this exceedingly graceful production, are infectiously and irresistibly delightful. The book, by Captain Basil Hood, tells a very slight story, in which the chief ingredients are the bumptiousness of an Irish Lord Lieutenant, the conspiracies of a secret order of the peasantry, the love affairs of a couple of young swains, and the inimitable drolleries of Bunn, the wandering professor of English pronunciation. After the long run of rag-time "operas," so called, "The Emerald Isle," regarded from any standpoint, is a treat. With this expression of opinion I leave this last work of the great composer to be more adequately dealt with by my colleague, the editor of the musical page.

There is poign in the "World's" protest against the everlasting dangling of the "Stars and Stripes" and screaming of United States national songs on Toronto stages. One does not have to be a Yankophobe to occupy a position of hostility towards this sort of thing, repeated in season and out of season, week after week, ad nauseam, as has been the case. This attitude is not pig-brained prejudice on Canadians' part; it is one of simple self-respect. Canada is theatrically an annex of the United States, but we do not require to be reminded of it every time we venture into a playhouse. The local managers are to blame. They should insist on Canadian colors and songs being substituted whenever possible, and failing that the number of Yankee air and ensigns should be nothing more than international courtesy and the artistic requirements of the dramatic situation dictate. There is not one troupe in ten that visits Toronto that shows any disposition to make a decent concession to our national sentiment. Why is it that, while "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Marching Through Georgia" are so often heard in our theaters, it is only once in a blue moon that a visiting company pipes in a half-hearted way the British national anthem at the close of a performance? And, after all, this is not a direct compliment to Canadian nationality. Why is "The Maple Leaf Forever" not heard sometimes in Canadian theaters? If a visiting operatic company wants to make a sensation, let them interpolate that spirited chorus and see how it takes. If the local theater managers were as wide awake as they ought to be, they would ere this have tried the effect of "The Maple Leaf" as a substitute for "God Save the King" at the close of musical performances.

"Jerome," at the Grand, is the story of a poor, brave and cheerful soul much loved, and also much hated by the mean and envious. Jerome Edwards had, since the disappearance of his father, supported his mother and sister by much hard work and by perseverance, and at last had amassed wealth enough (\$187 odd) to buy a piece of land by the river. By the preference shown him in the sale, however, he makes two bitter enemies—one the rich miser of the town and one the doctor, as they also knew the value of the property as a prospective mill-site. The miser tries to forestall Jerome in his contract with the railroad, and failing that, wrecks Jerome's mill during a storm. There is a love story woven through this sordid record of commerce greed. A rich girl loves Jerome as he loves her, but his pride prevents him from speaking, much to her chagrin but the course of true love runs smooth in the end. Money is left them and they "live happy ever after." "Jerome" is a pastoral play with plenty of incident to keep one's interest aroused. The scenery is very pretty and the wreck of the mill is well managed. Walter E. Perkins, who plays the title role, is a very young-looking—in fact a very boyish—actor, vivacious, natural and very popular. The women of the company are all pretty, and their costumes dainty. The spirit of the play is somewhat different from the ordinary run of pastoral dramas, and is quite a relief in its brightness and simplicity.

Mr. Shea could not have selected a more enjoyable or attractive programme to occupy the boards of his house for Christmas week. Everyone leaves the theater favorably impressed. Those acts which are not new in Toronto are of so good a calibre as to be always welcomed here. The bill is opened by the De Forests, whirlwind dancers. They are extremely graceful, and their work is bewilderingly clever. Tom Moore can certainly sing coon songs; in fact if the colored artists who sometimes appear here all sang as well, coon-singing would be better appreciated. He must have a great pair of lungs. His articulation is beyond comparison, and the way he juggles with his words is positively astonishing. His own song, "The Missionary Man," is a clever composition both from a musical and rhythmic standpoint. The musical act is one of the best, if not the

best, that has ever been heard at the Shea Theater. The performers are the "Four Cuttys," brothers and sisters. Their work on the brass instruments is perfect, and almost equaled by their manipulation of the sweet 'cello, the violin, flute, and piano. The vocal ability of these people is fully up to the standard of any quartette that Mr. Shea has introduced. Howard's wonderfully intelligent ponies are here again, and besides doing all their old tricks, contribute many new and even more astounding feats to the programme. Some more dogs and monkeys have joined the troupe, and they also give an excellent account of themselves. Miss Aurie Dagwell sings in fairly good voice a number of charming songs, the sweetest of which is "Sadie," the song in which Anna Held was so successful this year. It is a pretty little thing, and will, no doubt, become very popular. Miss Dagwell closes her act with an olio of songs of the different American States. Haines and Vidocq are comedians worthy of the name. Mr. Haines is original to a degree, and his irresistible humor finds its way to the sensitive spot and puts everyone in a good humor. "The Nine Nelsens" as acrobats are inimitable. It is beyond the imagination of many to understand how these little bits of humanity can do the marvelous turns and twists they do. From the portly gentleman who is evidently paper to the wee mite who is brought on in a carpet-bag, the work of this family is wonderful. The kinetograph closes the show with four very ordinary pictures.

Among the theatrical colony which spent a portion of the summer in London last season, was Mr. Harry Gilfoil, the principal comedian in "The Liberty Belles." During his visit there, Mr. Gilfoil was entertained at many of the prominent clubs, and grew more or less intimate with a number of the swell London clubmen who have a fondness for "Americans." His experience there socially is perhaps

It was awe-inspiring, I assure you. I never felt my smallness so much before. At last we reached an immense room which was full of people. There was a platform at the end of it, but before I could get my bearings at all, His Grace came forward and shook me by the hand.

"He set me at my ease in an instant, and we stood there chatting for five minutes, then His Grace remarked: 'By the way, Mr. Gilfoil, we have heard such a lot about you, won't you recite something for us?' Of course I said I would be delighted. His Grace was such a good fellow that I'd have done a good deal more than that for him. So I climbed up on the little platform, and I kept His Grace's guests in a good humor for nearly half an hour.

"Old man" said I, as I grasped my aristocratic friend by the hand, 'you have given me the most charming evening of my life.'

"That's all right, Harry," said my friend.

"About two weeks after my return home I received this letter from my aristocratic friend:

"My dear Harry.—When are you coming to London again? Although you do not know it, Harry, you were the means of getting me out of the largest hole I ever fell into in my life. If it hadn't been for the fifty pounds I received for your services at the duke's that night, Heaven only knows what would have become of me."

* * *

Mr. Martin Harvey, who is to come to Toronto for the first time at the Princess Theater about the middle of January, is at present touring in the States. A correspondent who knows Mr. Harvey and his work sends me some particulars about the actor and his plays, from which I cull the following: "Mr. Martin Harvey is presenting a double bill, consisting of 'A Cigarette Maker's Romance,' a powerful dramatization of Marion Crawford's novel, preceded by 'Rouge de l'Isle,' a story of the Marseillaise. The role of the Count in the first of these plays is singularly well suited to Mr. Harvey's power, and in its portrayal he has done a capital piece of work. He shows the semi-mysticism of the character, the perplexity of the man struggling with one personality to recover the other. His greatest charm is perhaps his sympathetic quality; he marks most pathetically the refinement and high-mindedness of the young Count, at the same time throwing a touch of melting human sympathy into his vagaries. In like manner his embodiment of the starving young composer of the French national anthem fairly throbs with pathos. The time of the French Revolution is a favorite one with Mr. Harvey, and has provided him with another great character, that of Sydney Carton in 'The Only Way,' the adaptation of Charles Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities.' Mr. Harvey has also been playing in 'The Children of Kings,' the musical accompaniment to which was composed by Humperdinck, but it is not known at present what he will give us in Toronto."

* * *

Mr. E. H. Sothern begins his New York engagement in "Hamlet" next week, succeeding Mr. Willard at the Garden Theater. Mr. Willard, by the way, is said to have "discovered" a new dramatist, one Harry K. Chambers, heretofore a New York clerk, who wrote and submitted to the great English actor a comedy which the latter has accepted and thinks may rival "The Professor's Love Story." Mr. Willard's courtesy to embryo playwrights is proverbial and seems to have been unexpectedly rewarded.

* * *

"The Liberty Belles," the new musical comedy by Harry B. Smith, presented by Klaw and Erlanger's "Troubadours," including Harry Gilfoil, will be the attraction at the Princess Theater for New Year's week, with an extra holiday matinee on Thursday, New Year's Day. "The Liberty Belles" is presented in three acts. The scenes represent the dormitory of a young ladies' seminary, the cooking school of "The Liberty Belles" and a fashionable hotel in Florida. The curtain rises on the dormitory scene, presenting thirty of the handsomest young women en deshabille, indulging in a clandestine midnight lark in the absence of their teachers. This incident is brought to an abrupt termination by the entrance of two college students disguised as burglars, who create a scene and are arrested, refusing to reveal their identity. This incident brings the principal of the school, Mrs. Dr. Sprowl, on the scene, and she notifies the ring-leaders that they will be expelled the next day. They do not wait for formal expulsion, but depart in the night. In the second act, they are running a cooking school for a livelihood. In this part of the piece the sentimental and humorous are interwoven. A novel climax brings this act to an end and carries the story and the principals to Florida, where there is a happy solution to all of the humorous difficulties that beset the characters.

* * *

"Innocence Island," a new story, will be commenced in our next issue. Don't miss the opening chapters.

Mr. Ower—I feel very bad, doctor; I seem to have lost all nerve. Doctor—I don't think you have, sir, or you wouldn't have the face to call on me, considering you've owed me an account for over two years.

CONFIDENT? OH, QUITE!



The political leaders of Ontario prepare for the final plunge.

Church Music in Toronto.

PARKDALE METHODIST CHURCH.

A VISIT to Parkdale Methodist Church last Sunday evening afforded me still one more illustration of the remarkable and gratifying development of the church choirs of the city. I was fortunate in finding that a special Christmas service had been arranged for the occasion, and that the selections, while not drawn, as is customary, from Handel's "Messiah," were appropriate and had in each case some point of distinctive interest. The organist and choirmaster is Mr. A. B. Jury, who was formerly at Bond Street Congregational Church. He has a voluntary choir of forty-seven voices, divided as follows: Sopranos, 16; altos, 12; tenors, 9, and basses, 10. There is no professional quartette, and the only paid singer is Mrs. Jury, the principal soprano. The organ is an ordinary serviceable instrument with no fancy attachments or registers, but with a fairly good foundation basis. The console had been brought out about three feet from its former inconvenient position, but the work of alteration was not completed. Mr. Jury consequently found himself hampered somewhat in his organ work, as all the pedal connections had not been made. The choir, although purely voluntary, contain excellent material, probably drawn from a large district. They sang refreshingly well in tune, and with a good quality of tone in all the sections, and throughout the service showed evidence of not only careful training, but an anxious desire to observe scrupulously all the niceties of expression and the nuances of shading. It is evident that the choirmasters of all the leading denominational churches are vying with each other in an honest endeavor to raise the standard of the musical services. The force of good example is speedily felt, and I have no doubt that the credit for the friendly emulation I have noticed in this matter is due to one or two churches I could mention that initiated the good movement.

Mr. Jury's opening voluntaries were the "Vision" by Rheinberger, and excerpts from Schumann's "Faust." The choir then sang, unaccompanied, Sullivan's "I Sing the B. R. B." This was beautifully rendered, the parts being proportionately balanced, the intonation well preserved, and the expressive emphases smoothly posed, there being none of that disagreeable jerkiness in the accents which one sometimes notices in the singing of amateurs. Altogether a taking number, the congregation must have felt, both musically and devotionally. The congregation sang the "Doxology" with a moderate degree of sonority, and then followed V. de Wattaer's "The Christ-Child," a very sweet, melodic and simple number with a touch of the sentimentality that is often associated with the solos at revival meetings. This number was sung by Mrs. Jury, and showed her voice to great advantage, the texture of the music being such that the best part of her voice was employed, and its best tonal quality enlisted. Her rendering was satisfying and grateful, and marked by an expression that, while restrained, was sincere and moving. The cheerful character of the refrain was quite appropriate. The congregation joined heartily in the hymn, "Joy to the World," and a male quartette composed of Messrs. C. Parker, W. Wheatley, A. B. Jury and L. Briggs sang, unaccompanied, "Sleep, Holy Babe," a number simply and yet richly harmonized. This was sung with praiseworthy finish in the details, and with well balanced tone. I might mention the decrescendo from piano to pianissimo as being very delicately effected. The next number for the choir, Stainer's "There was silence in Bethlehem," was another appropriate and attractive selection. The anticipatory gladness expressed in the music was effectively revealed in the treatment by the singers. St. Quintin's "Emanuel," for alto solo, was contributed by Miss M. Wilson. This lady has a sweet and sympathetic voice, and with this natural advantage aided by warmth of expression, she was enabled to give appealing emotional value to the music. Gounod's "Sanctus," for the choir and soprano solo (Mrs. Jury) was the next important choral number. The Gounod excerpt is exacting in its demands both upon the choir and the soloist. Both Mrs. Jury and the choir may be congratulated upon the excellent showing they made, despite this fact. The gradual crescendo leading up to the final soft echoing words was admirable. Mrs. Jury sang with power and finish of phrasing, although the part perhaps lies a little high for her character of voice.

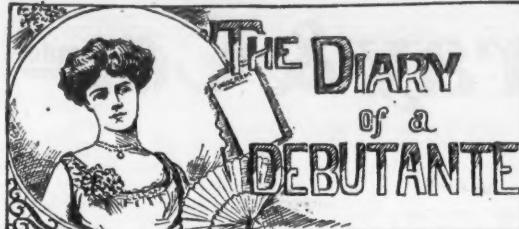
The final choral number, which was unaccompanied, was "In heavenly love abiding," by W. E. Brown. The choir was divided, the second section humming the accompaniment to the last verse. The effect was distinctly good, although whether strictly suited to the service of the church I must leave to the religious authorities to decide. The soft singing in this number was very finished, and at a concert would have been pronounced delightful.

Mr. Jury brought a comprehensive and judiciously arranged programme to a fitting close with the indispensable Handel "Hallelujah." From the enumeration I have given of the items of the programme it will be seen that the selections were not only more varied, and in a certain sense more ornate, than are ordinarily offered at a church service, but were chosen with a very judicious idea as to what would prove vocally grateful and interesting to the singers, and at the same time touch the devotional feelings of the congregation. It is worthy of note as something unusual to find the organist leave his post at the desk and take a part efficiently as a member of a quartette, as did Mr. Jury. The ability of the organist to sing music of course adds greatly to his authoritative direction of the choir. I might add that Mr. Jury has greatly enlarged the field of his musical selections as compared with his repertory when at Bond Street Congregational Church. He has also a larger, and better trained choir, and in many ways more resources. No doubt he enjoys increased scope for development at the Parkdale Church. There may be a few critics who may object that some of his numbers on the Sunday evening under notice were too mellifluous—I would like to say sugary—for church purposes. I, for one, shall make no objection of the kind, for I think the fact that the feelings of the congregation were obviously touched by these very numbers should be sufficient justification for their introduction. In this particular instance it might be said musically that "the end justified the means." Let us be thankful that we are getting music in some of our churches that rivets the attention and touches the heart, in place of the dry ecclesiastical stuff that either bored the hearer or sent his thoughts wandering to other environments.

CHERUBINO.

Shattered Dignity.

THE crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be disposed of as a mere ill-conceived prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of unsubduable humor that leaps gleefully when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble. That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best-bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened once in a church. A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband. Unfortunately, when they were half-way down the aisle, the husband dropped his glove, and stooped to pick it up. Fate, the humorist, determined that the wife should keep her head so high that she did not see her husband stoop. She went sailing on and doubled over him in riotous confusion. The congregation held its breath and kept its composure. The two recovered themselves and went on. Hoping to escape quickly, they turned to what looked like a side door. The husband pulled it open with an impressive swing. Before he could close it out tumbled the window-pole, a long duster and a step-ladder. The congregation could hold its mirth no longer, and man and wife fled to the real exit in undignified haste amid a general and pervasive snicker.



WHILE we were at luncheon to-day, the Doctor called. One always uses a definite article to describe one's family physician. Other doctors may be quite as uniquely gifted, but there is only one to whom we turn when things go wrong, and he is "the" Doctor. After luncheon Mamma said she was glad he had come, because she thought I wasn't looking as well as she wished, and then she left the Doctor to talk to me. There isn't anyone so kind in the world to a girl as a good doctor. When he asked me some questions about how I slept, and so on, I felt that if he didn't go away directly I should cry, and I did. And he just sat, holding my hand and stroking it, and presently suggested that I should come for a drive with him into the country immediately. I was afraid to refuse, and we were soon away, and the tears were quite forgotten. As we were driving home the Doctor said, "Little girls who have only to get plenty of fresh air to brighten them up aren't in a very bad way. Let me tell you that your people are anxious about you, and are speaking of going abroad with you, so, if you don't want to leave town you'd better stop moping—I declare I believe you're in love!" I turned to refute the accusation with spirit, and happened to look to the sidewalk, where I saw Mamma's friend waiting to help me down at our own door. Then I did a foolish thing. I begged the Doctor to drive on. I was red as a peony, and tingling all over with distress, and the Doctor drove on, and as he drove he gently whistled. How much one can say with a certain sort of whistle, which would be even more horrid in words! When we had gone round the block, the Doctor remarked that he thought the fine weather was about over, and that he had a consultation at four o'clock and would set me down anywhere I wished. I meekly said I'd like to go home.

* * *

Mamma's friend had come to ask us to go to the theatre and see the English company play "A Message from Mars." We sat and watched the play and talked about the actors, and all the time I was most sprightly and really felt quite elated with myself. All the acting wasn't on the stage! When Mamma's friend put on my wrap, and tucked me into the carriage, and I heard one of my girl friends remark, "Miss Debutante is having another flirtation—isn't she shy about it?" I laughed rather loudly and called "au revoir" to him as he went by tram to join us at supper. Every time I looked at him all the evening I could hear that hateful little whistle the Doctor had made. And when Charlie Jones turned up at supper, on Mamma's nod he said, I asked him to come into the conservatory with me—actually—Charlie Jones! And we sat under the big palm and talked for half an hour, until Mamma called us in. I don't think she was quite pleased, but—well, she hadn't heard that whistle!

* * *

The Butterfly has come back from New York. He looks as if he'd been going it, Charlie Jones says. He saw him at the play with Miss Passee. Poor, dear Butterfly. I miss his little visits and his chaff and his flowers. We shall never be the same chums as before, unless—well, perhaps he will be good and do as I want him to. To-day some flowers came, lovely ones, for Mamma, from her friend from England. They weren't cyclamens, but American Beauties. I don't like them, vulgar-looking, over-scented, multi-millionaire blooms. Nouveaux-riches among the flowers, I call them, but, of course, only in the faintest whisper to myself. (You can only keep cyclamens a week, no matter what you do.)

* * *

We had such a pretty dinner on Christmas day, just a few people that we like very much, and I don't think I have been happier for a fortnight. I laugh a good deal, and play and sing and dance more, and I am so tired that I have to go to sleep the moment I go to bed. Mamma and I don't have our talks so often now, because some friends are with us, and they like sitting up late, and as the Doctor said I must try and be in bed by eleven whenever I spent the evening at home, I just kiss her in the drawing-room and leave her with her guests. One of our visitors is quite as bad as, or worse than, Miss Passee for asking questions. She asked me to-day if I'd prefer to settle down in Toronto or go to New York or Boston, and did I ever think of England as my future home. She said she asked me that because before she arrived she heard Mamma was trying to marry me to an Englishman, and that Papa and she would both love to go to England to live. I nearly dropped, but I revived when she went on to say that she had noticed I did not care for the Englishman, who was really an awfully stupid bookworm, and "not at all your style." What do you think of that? If she doesn't soon go away, I shall explode!

* * *

My Christmas presents were really lovely—the cloak, of course, from Mamma, and a lovely little watch from Papa. I gave my little silver one to Norah, and she was so delighted, just as much as I was when I got it new six years or more ago. Norah is a warm-hearted girl; sometimes she says such strange things in a half-thoughtful way. To-day some more cyclamens came, and when I wouldn't let her open the box for me she gave it to me with her eyes cast down, and said, "Tis right, indeed, Miss, that no one should see them first but yourself. The charm's out else, may be." I did want to ask her what she meant, so much, but thought it not quite what I should do. They were so beautiful that I said, "You darlings," and Norah's eyes were simply electric with some fun or other. I shall not encourage her so much. I am apt to do so, with Irish maids, because they are so primitive and hearty and unconscious, I suppose.

* * *

To-night Mamma and I had a little chat. I told her what the guest had said about Papa's and her wish to go to England to live. "It is quite true, dear, that we talked of it, but only on your account. Papa thinks this climate tries you too much. You'd like to live in England, dawtie, wouldn't you?" Then I let Mamma have a private rehearsal. "Certainly not, unless I were obliged to. Canada is a great country, and I am Canadian born. I cannot think what made you fancy I preferred England." It was very wicked of me, and beside being cheeky it was a shocking story—at least, in some parts it was, but at all events it settled Mamma. "You don't know how glad I am that you are so happy here and everyone is so kind and speaks so nicely of you," said the dear Mother. "Only to-day Miss Passee, who isn't at all a flatterer, told me that you were the very nicest debutante she had met this season." Dear old Diary, do you know what I said in the very back of my mind? Well, just that I agreed with Charlie Jones' remark about the Butterfly!

* * *

How cloud and sunshine seem to flit over my life. Christmas was so lovely and bright and homesome, and to-day, the very day after, such a sorrowful thing came about. It was only an hour I spent beside a sick girl's bed, but somehow it has set me all ago again in that wretched mopy way. It is the girl who was in love with someone who did not care for her, and she has been very ill. She sent for me and I rushed off at once to see her. I even took up my cyclamens to give her, but somehow I couldn't, and put them back in water. She says she doesn't really care if she never gets well, that she might as well die as live without that silly man. It made me quite out of humor with her poor, pale thing. It sounded so French-novelly, and house-maidish. No matter how much I was in love, I'd never say

that, nor do it either. Perhaps, as she told me, I don't know what real love is. Well, whatever I know, it sometimes bothers me quite enough. I believe I shall try and find out whether that man really doesn't care a copper for her. Poor thing! It's a good thing to have some one who will take that trouble for another.

* * *

It is very late. Mamma has been here, and told me to go to bed at once, but I must just tell you, my dear old discreet Diary, the queerest thing of all. Our inquisitive guest is the aunt of the man with whom my girl friend is in love. She was talking about him to-night (I started her) and she says he never flirts with anyone in his city, because he is attached to some girl who has wonderful golden hair, for the aunt looked in his room once and found a picture of this girl, in a ball gown, and the man had written on it "The only girl I ever loved." Now, my girl friend has the most lovely hair, as yellow as gold, and she has had a good many pictures taken in evening dress. That man is coming here to visit some one I know to-morrow, just to stay over Sunday, and oh, if I only dare say to him, "Please, sir, the only girl you ever loved is pining away because she loves you. Why don't you have a settlement of your emotions?" or something to that effect. It will be just like a story! I shall do it, and oh, dear Diary, if I fall by the way, you at least will know I meant well.

"Innocence Island," a new story, will be commenced in our next issue. Don't miss the opening chapters.

A Christmas Bear Story.

HE was one of the members of a great big influential Toronto law firm, with the right to have his name appear on its letter-heads, the blessed privilege of carrying a blue bag up York street to Osgoode Hall every morning, and enjoying the intellectual struggle

Christians should have, for the girl sat on the sofa with the bear and pinched its ears, and said that "the horrid, naughty little bear wouldn't be her pet any more, even if she had loved it since it was a weeny-weeny little cub," and then she would bury her face in the shaggy coat of the household pet, and the young lawyer had the horrible thought that she was suffocating from some internal emotion. He might have proposed that night in spite of everything if the bear hadn't persisted in quietly growling every time he opened his mouth. Then the girl would try to look serious, and couldn't. No man can propose to a girl convulsively laughing internally with a growling bear that has literally had you treed for three hours of a northern winter night lolling peacefully on the hearth-rug at his feet. Even a young Toronto lawyer, with his name on the letter-head of his firm, has his limitations.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

"Innocence Island," a new story, will be commenced in our next issue. Don't miss the opening chapters.

Seven Points, the Spotted Pacer.

In the fall of 1880, while campaigning Bessie K., I witnessed some queer incidents that happened on different tracks. At the old Canal Dover track, where I was quartered the day before the 2.12 pace came off, a man with an ugly spotted pacer, which he called Seven Points, had taken a box stall on the left of me—the only one that was vacant in the west wing of the stables. After he got settled, like all other horsemen, we formed an acquaintance very quickly. His name was Oliver Whitson, and he was from Nashville, Tennessee—the home of king-pin pacers. After I had talked with him he said to me, "I am in tough luck. I must be candid with you. I have not won a dollar with my horse this season. I am positive he has more speed than anything in his class, but he is a bad actor, though a better horse to score never looked through a bridle."

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of living and dressing like a man of importance on five hundred dollars a year. He had wandered far afield on a still hunt after a dead, a mortgage or a will in the wilds of North-Eastern Ontario in the interests of his firm, and it was Christmas Eve. This is where the bear comes into the story. The girl had been in it for two weeks and had divided the attention of the young barrister with the legal document. But Christmas Eve is pre-eminently the time for sentiment, and in the garb that he was wont to create a sensation with on the south side of Toronto's King street he pursued the even tenor of his way along the moon-lit snow-covered lumber road that led to the home of the girl's father, with the hope that peace on earth would be assured to his troubled heart that night and that there would be good-will towards one man at least on the part of one blue-eyed girl, the daughter of the kindly doctor of the Canadian backwoods. The bear came swinging after him, and he heard the regular pat-pat of his clumsy gallop on the hard road. In a moon-lighted clearance he saw the black form at the other side, and the young lawyer beat his record as the best Osgoode Rugby half-back of his time. He arrived about eight seconds before the bear at the tree-shaded garden gate of the dove-cot of the only girl he had loved beyond the matine stage, and he knew that eight seconds was better time than he could make in the fifty yards between him and the other side of the closed door ahead. He rose to the occasion and climbed the gate, and then the thin poplar overhanging, while the bear crept companionably on the gate-post and seemed buried in abstruse calculations as to the difficulties bears encounter in the way of climbing immaturely developed saplings. There they sat, while the night grew old and cold, and listened to the girl inside singing to the accompaniment of the keen north wind that whistled through the forest and the raiment of the young lawyer. "Hark, the herald angels sing." It didn't worry the bear. He seemed to be interested in the lawyer and his spasmodic yell from the tree-top, which the roaring of the wind carried away into the depths of the forest instead of the warm, bright parlor. When the doctor, returning from a sick call, rescued him about eleven o'clock and brought him inside and thawed him out with a stiff tumbler of punch, he didn't have that joyful Christmassy feeling that

looking quite surprised, I said, "That certainly is a case of ill-luck."

"Yes, I have not been in the money once."

"Well, sir, what seems to be the trouble? You know there's always a cause for everything. Suppose you let me work him out to-morrow morning? There may be some changes needed in his rigging."

"Oh, what?" he exclaimed. "Are you a conditioner?"

Smiling, I said, "That's what they call me. I gave Bessie Bonehill her mark of 2.05 1/2 and Bessie K. there in the next stall a mark of 2.12 1/2, last quarter in 29 1/2 seconds, in a seven-beat race."

"All right, sir, you may work him out, and also drive him in the race."

He ordered the caretaker to hook up the horse. I eyed him all over as he led him out of the stall door, long and rangy, with a clean set of limbs, an intelligent head, a set of sloping hips, like Atlantic King's for all the world. As soon as he was hooked up I mounted the bike, he gave me his orders how to work him, and I jogged him the wrong way of the track to warm him up. After this I turned and scored down to give him a good, stiff mile. I left the whip that he had always used at the stall when I left the wire, and soon saw what was wrong—the horse had been used badly; being a high-bred animal, he had to be handled with care. I whistled, sang, and coaxed him, loosened and tightened my hold on the lines. I fairly made him believe he was running away. His owner caught us at the half in 1.04, a 2.08 gait.

When I went back to the stable Mr. Whitson congratulated me, I said that regardless of the big class I thought I could win with him in straight heats. "If I don't I will never drive an '08 race."

Just then a farmer walked up who had a horse in the same race, and said that he could not beat in his class. "I have no ready money, but I will bet you five milch cows to any amount of money that I can win the race with Alvin W.," said he.

I winked at Mr. Whitson and he took the bet.

There were fourteen starters. The most of them were all prices. The bookies held Alvin W. at even money, and Seven Points at 100 to 1. It was plainly to be seen that

they did not think he had a ghost of a show to win. When they called us out they saw Seven Points had a new driver and they got wise at once, and cut him 25 to 1, and before we got away he was to 1.

I had no trouble in winning the race in three straight heats. Time, 2.11, 2.11, 2.11 1/2. The farmer's horse was set back for running in the first heat. The next heat he got the flag. Mr. Whitson won \$2,000 in cash, also the farmer's five milch cows. The next day he sold them at public auction at the fair grounds, and when I was packing up he came to me and made me a present of \$500 for winning the race.

I gave him instructions how to handle his horse in the future, and he wrote me not long ago that he had followed my instructions to the dot and his horse was now as steady as a clock; track records were at his mercy; in all he was one of the greatest free-for-all pacers in America.

An old saying, but a true one, "all comes to him who waits."

"Innocence Island," a new story, will be commenced in our next issue. Don't miss the opening chapters.

That Turkey.

Christmas Eve.—"There," cried Mr. Plato Jones, flinging the door open and dropping a fine, fat turkey on the table; "there's a champion bird, if you like. It weighs twenty-five pounds if it weighs an ounce. And I won it in a raffle!"

"Oh, what luck!" cried the good lady.

Christmas Day.—"This turkey is sublime!" It was brown, smoking hot. Mr. Plato Jones raised his glass. "To the health of this wonderful bird!"

"Hear, hear! with all my heart!" said his wife.

Boxing Day.—"I declare, my dear," said the gentleman, "I believe this turkey eats better than ever, now it's cold."

"I believe it does," she agreed.

December 27th.—"Cold turkey again, eh? Well, a man might do worse than eat cold turkey twice. But I don't seem to have any appetite."

"Do try and eat a bit."

December 28th.—"What—still cold turkey? I don't want cold turkey every day for the rest of my natural life. Even a bird of this quality palls!"

"All right, my dear. I'll do something with it to-morrow."

December 29th.—"There, dear, I've grilled a leg for you. I hope you will like it."

"I hope I shall. But I have my doubts."

December 30th.—"What the dickens? Turkey again?"

"Yes, dear, stewed. It would be such a pity to waste it."

"It would. Waste not, want not. But I wish I had won a sparrow."

December 31st.—"What's for dinner, Mrs. Jones?"

"Hash, dear."

"Hash, eh? Is there—is there any—any turkey in it?"

"There is—a little."

"A little?" He turned it over with the big spoon. "I believe it's all turkey!"

January 1st.—"What!" yelled Mr. Plato Jones. "Hashed turkey again? I can't stand it. I won't stand it. What have I done to be haunted by a gobbler like this? Hence! Out of my sight, accursed thing! Give it to the cat, and cut me a hunk of bread and cheese. And if ever I win another twenty-four pound turkey, I'll—I'll lose it on the way home!"

"Innocence Island," a new story, will be commenced in our next issue. Don't miss the opening chapters.

Cleared Up.

MUDGLETON—Say, old man, as you're an old married man, I'd like your opinion about something.

Middleton—That's the most striking difference between you and my wife. But what's the matter?

Middleton—Why, say, confidentially, don't you think a pair of blankets is kind of a peculiar Christmas present for a girl to send to the man she's engaged to?

Middleton—Ha, ha, ha! Maybe she means it as a delicate as urance she wasn't going to leave him out in the cold.

Middleton—Confound you! if I'd known you were going to hee-haw like an ass about it I'd never have said a word to you about it.

Middleton—Oh, by Jove! you don't mean you're the man?

Middleton—Well, yes, I am.

Middleton—And Miss Dainty sent 'em?

Middleton—Yes, Singular present, don't you think?

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Anecdotal.

A St. Louis humorist declares that a young lady applicant for a school was asked the question: "What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was: "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward." Needless to say, she got the school.

In England, where legislation is concerned with laundries, a female inspector, after much argument, persuaded the head of a small establishment to show her over the premises. The superintendent threw open the door of a steaming kitchen in which there were some half-dozen washerwomen bending over tubs. "Ladies," she said, in a dramatic voice, "a woman from the government to see you!"

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has a red nose, paid a visit to the village school, and, after telling the scholars that everyone possessed a besetting sin, astonished his youthful hearers by continuing, "And even archbishops!" "I wonder who can guess what the Archbishop's besetting sin is?" asked his Grace. One little lad timidly held up his hand, and, on being invited to give an answer said, "Drunkiness!" What the Archbishop thought or said at this amusing reply is not recorded, but, as everyone knows, Dr. Temple is most ardent teetotaller.

Colonel McInnes, inspector-general of the police force of the colony of British Guiana, has a strong penchant for the "garb of old Gaul." The kilt had not been seen in the city of Georgetown within living memory, and when he made his appearance on the street a few hours after his arrival recently, attired in the airy costume of the Highlands, his appearance gave rise to much excitement among the old negroes selling fruit and cakes in the market square. "My gracious!" ejaculated one of them, "see the noble cuenel, as how he traps no come in teamboat with him, an' he have to wear dem petticoat, fo' true."

John L. Sullivan, who, during his pugilistic career earned nearly a million dollars, went through bankruptcy lately so that he might accept an engagement in vaudeville which he has since lost. His liabilities were about \$2,600, and his assets the sixty-six-dollar suit which he wore and which, fortunately, was exempt. In talking of his vanished wealth, the ex-champion remarked: "Oh, well, what's the difs. Sure, I'm a bankrupt. Ain't thousands of prominent men bankrupt? I ain't got no time to bother with creditors. No prominent man has. They chase yer round the ring till their great country puts a foul on 'em and throws 'em out with a bankruptcy paper. That's what's happened to me creditors. They're counted out. See?"

A Glasgow laddie recently received a shilling from a gentleman who had sent him on an errand. He found the silver coin too insignificant to represent the idea of wealth, and determined to convert it into coppers. He pushed open the huge swing-doors of one of the city banks and marched up to the counter, over the edge of which his bright eyes peered up at the clerk in attendance. The teller did not recognize the importance of the transaction, and, without listening even to the first word, bade the boy run

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away. Deeply hurt, the urchin drew himself together, marched to the door—and there, standing on the mat, he surveyed the place, cashier, clerks, and all. "Ca' yersel' a bank!" said he, with scathing scorn. "Ca' yersel' a bank, and cannae cheenge a shillin'! Ma patience!"

Of "Joe" Chamberlain, who is now visiting South Africa with his wife, the English papers are telling some good stories. One of these relates to a gathering which he attended once while a guest at the British legation in Washington, where a Yankee girl said of him: "He is nice enough, but he doesn't know how to dance." He takes such a short step that you think he must have practiced on a postage stamp." It was during this visit at Washington that Chamberlain met Miss Endicott, who afterward became his wife. "I was fortunate enough to make two treaties," said Mr. Chamberlain to his Birmingham friends on his return. "I had my secret document, with which you are all familiar, and I am glad to say that even the august Senate of the United States had nothing to say to my private negotiations."

A good story is being told in London of a certain watchmaker in the E. C. district, who, being anxious to a degree on the matter of the exact temperature of the day, kept a fine thermometer hanging outside his door. It so chance that a wayfaring man, who, though a fool, knew well enough the difference between meum and tuum, but did not choose to recognize it, made off with the thermometer and got clear away. The next day the watchmaker, smarting under the thought that he had been too trusting of his public, inserted the following advertisement in the paper: "Would the gentleman who took the thermometer hanging in front of my shop yesterday be so good as to return it to me, as no doubt by this time he has noticed that it is only sealed up to 150 degrees, and will not be of the slightest use to him in the place to which he is going."

Ughetti's work, "With Physicians and Clients," contains an anecdote about Heine which is new to us. Returning from a journey to the South of France, Heine met a friend, a German violinist, in Lyons, who gave him a large sausage that had been made in Lyons, with the request to deliver it to a mutual acquaintance, a homeopathic physician in Paris. Heine promised to attend to the commission, and entrusted the delicacy to the care of his wife, who was traveling with him. But as the post-chaise was very slow, and he soon became very hungry, on the advice of his wife both tasted of the sausage, which dwelt with every mile. Arriving at Paris, Heine did not dare to send the remainder to the physician, and yet he wished to keep his promise. So he cut off the thinnest possible slice with his razor, wrapped it in a sheet of yellow paper, and enclosed it in an envelope, with the following note: "Dear Doctor—From your scientific investigations, we learn that the millionth part of a certain substance brings about the greatest results. I beg, therefore, your kind acceptance of the accompanying millionth part of a Lyons sausage which our friend gave me to deliver to you. If homeopathy is a truth, then this little piece will have the same effect on you as the whole sausage. Your Heinrich Heine."

When Turner exhibited his great picture, "The Building of Carthage," he was disappointed because it had not been sold at once at the private view, and angry with the press for criticizing it severely. Sir Robert Peel called upon him. "Mr. Turner," said he, "I admire your 'Carthage' so much that I want to buy it. I am told you want five hundred guineas for it." "Yes," said Turner, "it was five hundred guineas, but to-day it's six hundred." "Well," said Sir Robert, "I did not come prepared to give six hundred, and I must think it over. At the same time, it seems to me that the change is an extraordinary piece of business on your part." "Do as you please," said Turner. "Do as you please." After a few days Sir Robert called again upon the great painter. "Mr. Turner," he began, "although I thought it a very extraordinary thing for you to raise your price, I shall be proud to buy that picture, and I am prepared to give you the six hundred guineas." "Ah!" said Turner, "It was six hundred guineas, but to-day it's seven hundred." Sir Robert grew angry, and Turner laughed. "I was only in fun," he said. "I don't intend to sell the picture at all. It shall be mine." Then it was brought up and hung in his gallery, where it remained as long as he lived. When he died he left it to the nation.

I am learning to suffer the child who cries! Every day his shrill, complaining passionate screams come up the stairs. There are several other children, but only one who cries, and he cries, like the cherubim and seraphim, "continually." Sometimes he wants to "see over" into the dark elevator well, and yells in disappointed curiosity when he is curiously told "there's nothing to see." He knows better, and has ragings of baffled desire "just to see over." Just now he tore through the corridor, madly protesting against some order or denial, and made me jump a foot for fear he had finally not only "seen," but fallen over—a couple of score feet. Perhaps when one's own outgrow the screaming stage one is too protesting, but it seems a pity that a small boy should so often feel obliged to make such a horrid row!

The silent, awful, beautiful testimony of the stars tells us that an era of good, kind, sympathetic interest in one another is setting in for our world. In spite of the abusive jeers of a man who flouted my belief last evening, I tried to tell some one who might have been comforted, what the stars are foretelling for the next few years—noting more than a change in the way power is going to be used. The Martian gave us a hint of it when he explained that, in Mars, one first considered what personal advantage each act and enterprise would secure him. It was enough for the Martians that their work was good in itself, and would, therefore, surely improve someone or something. As ever



Childr. n's Gifts My Dream Christmas
What the Stars Promise,

Now that Christmas is safely over, one hears from many of the little ones, "What did you get?" and judges of one's own and one's neighbor's capacity for comprehension, beforehand, of that wondrous thing the mind of a child! Not that there is any advantage on the child's side in the way of intuition. For instance, George announced his determination to shop unaided and alone, last year, shook down the coins from his bank, (a fat little sum he had), and started off, with resolve and mystery stamped upon his little face. When Christmas came he solemnly presented his father, a well-known bon viveur and club man, with a neat Bible! What guided George's choice is a mystery to this day in his home circle. Marion also decided to go it alone in the choice and purchase of Christmas gifts. Her mamma is slightly gouty, and affects comfort before style in her footwear. Marion had evidently resented the "pad" of the felt slipper and expended three good dollars of her savings in a pair of patent leather evening slippers with Louis XV. heels, which she gave to her mother, with the quiet remark, "Now, you can stick out your feet, as Aunty May does, Mummie." One evening's wear crippled Mummie.

The small boy who presented his parents with a box of charlotte russes, and then said briskly: "There are two for me, and two for Boss, and two for you," disposed of his half-dozen in a somewhat high-handed manner, though he ate two in all content and consciousness of liberality. One more child-gift gave me somewhat of a surprise. It came from a shy, brown-eyed girl child, who nestled up to me in silence for a while and then put a little thin arm (one of those "bones" that growing girls display), round my neck and kissed me under the ear. "That's all my Christmas box for you," whispered she. "I read in your paper that you liked that kind!" Now, did ever your careless words arise to confront you like this?

Some day, when my ship comes home, I am going to spend a queer Christmas in a land of queer things. There I shall put my shoes outside the door for presents, and shall mark a cross on the sill to bless the gifts, and go to bed without a light, and get in backwards and say strange incantations in great good faith. And in the early morning a tap on the door will awaken me, and without will stand a dim figure, with bowed head and outstretched hand, in which I will place strange silver or gold, and a soft voice will bless me or my gift, and the figure will fade into the dim dawn-light, and I will creep back to fall asleep again, lulled into a sweet peace by a blessing which I shall not even understand. And some poor, lonely, shivering creatures will be warmed and fed by me, for the begging friar will take his gift straight to the dole room, and turn it into soup and loaves, and fuel in the course of a couple of hours. If my ship comes home, ever, I have dreamed of such a Christmas in a far, far land.

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taint planets have been from time immemorial given credit for influences, good or evil, making the period of their rule one of great selfishness, great clashing or destruction, or great kindness and altruism, it is comforting to know that Uranus, the planet which is credited with influences directly tending to humanitarianism, will rule us and ours for some time to come. It is fascinating to hear one who observes, deduces, and weighs the influences of the stars, follow out the natural results upon the human race. Such men foretell wars, strikes, assassinations, and all the big phenomena which are thought out and brought about through human agency. The world says pooh, and pish, and tush, and the stars shine on—wise, amazing, patient. But there's a good time coming, say they, for us. Saturn fades as Uranus grows, and one may this year wish, with unusual confidence, to his neighbor, not only one, but many, many Happy New Years!

I have noticed some interesting letters in an exchange regarding the merits and demerits of a meat diet, and, without taking either side of the question, I might say that my own experience for the past two years has certainly convinced me, unawares, that it is not necessary to eat so much meat as I formerly did, to preserve health and spirits. Two years ago a diet treatment was given me for rheumatic gout—not pert-wine gout, you know, but what I call poor man's gout. No beef, veal or pork, no potatoes, no beer nor wine, brown bread, very little sweets, and no starchy foods. I am not recommending this regimen, only stating its conditions. Fish in restaurants is seldom well cooked. Very soon it followed the beef into the "expurgata." Poultry was rather tiresome, and lamb soon grew into mutton, which I loathe. Gradually I fell back upon things for dinner which seemed unusual at that meal, and as I did so, my meals dwindled. I did not require the quantity of food formerly consumed. People are apt to tell me I am looking in better health, and, although the diet hasn't obliterated the rheumatic gout, it has, unawares, led me to discover that a very little meat goes a very long way with me, and that I could not now enjoy my former "rare" slice of the beef of old England. The simpler my diet, the better I feel, and the more work I can do. I throw this paragraph to the wranglers over meat and no meat, and hope they won't call me names, good or bad. Finally, I confess that had the regimen been adopted arbitrarily and at once I should probably never have arrived at the present abstemiousness, when for no other reason than that I prefer the simpler foods, I find I sometimes only take meat once or twice a week. It strikes me that when I do so often I am not the better, but the worse for it.

LADY GAY.

The Poe Cult.

THE Christmas "Bookman" has a well-written article on the Poe cult by Eugene L. Didier. One of the most astonishing facts in the literary annals of America, if not of the world, observes Mr. Didier, is the amazing rise

of what may be called the Poe cult. The unhappy master of "The Raven" was the victim of fate more strange, more romantic, more tragic than poet ever penned. His life was one of suffering, sorrow and song; he died a wretched death in the charity ward of a public hospital,

Unwept, unhonored, unsung.

His funeral was pathetic in its meagre attendance, its scant ceremony and absence of mourning. Only eight persons were present at the funeral of one of the immortals of earth.

At the time of this humble funeral, on October 8, 1849, no one could have dreamed that within twenty-five years Edgar Poe would be regarded by the cultured people of all lands as the most unique and remarkable genius in American literature. Equally astonishing is the fact that many persons who were old enough to remember Poe are still alive, when his letters possess a market value five times as great as that of Byron's, twice as great as Shelley's, a hundred times as great as Bryant's, Longfellow's, Lowell's and other contemporaneous American authors. Still more remarkable is the fact that the manuscripts of those poems, for which he received trifling sums, have become as precious as the Sibylline leaves, and are worth their weight in gold. If the original manuscript of "The Raven" were still in existence, American millionaires would contend for its possession, and \$10,000 would be gladly paid for the inestimable treasure. Yet for this poem, which has brought more honor upon American literature than any other single American poem and established Poe's fame as the most original of American poets—a poem which stands alone in poetry as the "Venus" in sculpture—and "The Transfiguration" in painting—for this wonderful poem whose weird and mysterious fascination has thrilled the world, Poe was paid only ten dollars, a sum which is now paid for an ordinary love story in a weekly newspaper.

Mr. Didier traces the rapid expansion of Poe's fame following the unveiling of the monument to the poet in Baltimore on November 17, 1875.

Carlyle regarded it as a remarkable fact that six lives of Burns had been published within a generation after his death. Within the same space of time nine lives of Poe were published, while several others have been issued during the last decade. These numerous biographies show that the Poe cult is ever on the increase, and that the reading public welcome every addition to its knowledge of the most interesting and picturesque figure in American literature.

The Poe cult is not confined to any, two or three countries. It has spread through the civilized world. It includes the cultured people of Europe, America, and in the lands beyond the sea. It has made Edgar A. Poe a classic. Numerous editions of his works have been published in London and Edinburgh. In France he is as much admired as many French authors. A dozen editions of his poems and tales have appeared in Germany; his tales have been published in Spain and Italy; his poetical works in Australia; and one of his stories, "The

"Oval Portrait," has been translated into modern Greek and published at Athens. The end of the Poe cult cannot be foretold. It has not reached its height. Even while I write, says Mr. Didier, a new edition of his works in seventeen volumes has been published.

After a long and exhaustive study of the life of Edgar A. Poe during a quarter of a century, I have come to the conclusion, declaration, that he was neither the demon painted by some of his early, nor the angel described by some of his later, biographers. He mingled among men neither as a "pining friend" nor as a "bewildered angel." He was a man of rare and remarkable genius, with the infirmities that often accompany it. While endowed with extraordinary intellectual gifts, he was a most unfortunate victim of circumstances. Left an orphan in his infancy, he was adopted by a man who reared him in luxury as the heir to a splendid fortune, when suddenly, in his twenty-first year, he was thrown upon the world without a dollar. Then began that long, desperate, never-ending struggle for bread. The pen was his weapon, literature his pursuit, poverty his fate, fame his reward.



THE Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Torrington, gave their usual Christmastide production of Handel's "Messiah" last Thursday evening in the Massey Hall before a large and very appreciative audience. The performance, which was given—saw in the case of one of the soloists—with local talent and resources, has elicited general praise. The features of the concert were the splendid showing made by the chorus, which numbered about 300 voices, the creditable work of the orchestra and the surprisingly satisfactory efforts of the soloists. The good qualities of Dr. Torrington's chorus were more in evidence than usual. They sang with a full, rich and sonorous body of tone, which in the massive effects completely filled the hall without having even a suspicion of noisiness associated with it. In point of steadiness, precision of attack and clearness of enunciation the chorus distinguished themselves to an equal degree. Dr. Torrington obtained from his forces some most telling dynamic effects, notably in crescendo and decrescendo. I noted that in the number "For Unto Us" he restrained the power of the chorus in the passages preceding the apparition of the fortissimo, to a greater degree than usual. The contrast was marked, and when the repressed energy and force of the mass of singers and instrumentalists were let loose the effect was grandly impressive and strangely stirring. The soul-moving "Hallelujah" was, of course, the grand popular success, and was enthusiastically re-demanded. A special word of praise must be awarded to the soprano section. With, in the aggregate, fresh and clear voices, they sustained the highest notes of their numbers, despite the modern pitch, with a sense of distress, and with a firmness rarely heard. By the way, this "modern" pitch will probably in the course of a few years be old-fashioned. In the United States both piano-makers and orchestras have adopted what is known as the "International" pitch, which approaches that used in the days of Handel, and on the continent of Europe the low pitch is almost universal. I have not exhausted the enumeration of the merits of the chorus. Their gradations of shading evinced more refinement than of old, and their very soft singing was not marked, as is so often the case, by thinness of tone.

Of the soloists, Miss Eileen Millett, the soprano, came in for unstinted praise. She has never, in my opinion, been heard to so much advantage, nor has she ever sung with so much authority and confidence. Her voice seems to have increased in breadth. Clear and true, her voice was always of a most engaging quality, but one had to acknowledge that it was somewhat light in character. This lack of weight, if the expression may be used, Miss Millett seems to be overcoming, and added color and fullness were revealed in her singing on this occasion. The chain of recitations assigned to the soprano were admirably delivered by her with accurately adjusted tone and well judged oratorical emphasis. The great aria, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," was, on the whole, expressively rendered, and with sustained purity of voice. The contralto, Miss Grace Lillian Carter, sang her numbers very sweetly, and the timbre of her voice made an acceptable contrast with that of the soprano. Mr. David Ross acquitted himself with honor. His smoothness of delivery and phrasing, and the musical characteristics of his voice served him in good stead. His organ is perhaps a trifle too light for the exacting robust arias, but it is difficult to have a singer armed at all points. The tenor, importation from the States, Mr. Holmes Cowper, sang with honest fervor, and altogether made a very favorable impression. The "Comfort Ye" was one of his best efforts.

The orchestra, composed of local players, never did smoother work, either in regard to tone or execution. Their achievement was most encouraging to the well-wishers of local enterprise in the matter of founding an orchestra here. Summarizing, I may say that, while in some respects Dr. Torrington has given more brilliant productions of the oratorio, chiefly on account of the eminent foreign assistance he has had, he has never distinguished himself to so great a degree by demonstrating what can be accomplished with our own musical resources. Efficient assistance was given in the way of accompaniment by Mrs. Blight at the organ and Miss Ethel Hubbard at the piano.

I had no space available last week to notice the excellent concert given on the 12th inst. by the choir of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church. The part-songs by the choir were most enthusiastically received, and had evidently been the subject of much care and thought in the preparation by the choirmaster, Mr. Edmund Hardy. The quartette of the choir soloists was also a prominent feature of the programme. Assistance was given by the Conservatory String Quartette, the Misses Gertrude Murdoch of Mr. Hardy; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor; the Rev. A. Logan Geggie, reader, and Miss Louise Tandy, accompanist, all of whom added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

For the performance of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," which is only to be given thrice at the series of Mackenzie music festivals in Canada, Charles Fry of London, who originated the narrator's part at its first production in Liverpool and London, will come expressly from England. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has also approved of the engagement of Madame Ethel Wood, a powerful festival soprano; Wilfrid Virgo, a young English tenor, who has recently come to the front in England; Reginald Davidson, baritone, and Watkin Mills.

The advent of the Schumann Trio, the latest organization for the purpose of promoting the cause of classical chamber music, will be heartily welcome by the musical community. With three such brilliant local artists as Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; Frank Blachford, violinist, and H. S. Saunders, violoncellist, the concerts of the trio cannot fail to

be both instructive and interesting. Their first concert was given in the hall of the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week, before a select audience of cultivated taste. How well the programme was carried out may be inferred when it is said that the trio had faithfully rehearsed the various numbers for the past six months. One great result of this sustained study was that the performance was marked by refinement of finish, clearness of detail, unanimity of ensemble and a comprehensive grasp of the spirit of the music as a whole. The numbers presented were Beethoven's trio in G, the Gade trio, op. 42, and Schumann's trio in D minor, all beautiful compositions of individual merit. Miss Gunn was the vocalist. She has a most attractive soprano voice, and sang in charming style.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's last operetta, "The Emerald Isle," produced for the first time in Toronto at the Princess Theatre on Monday night by the Jefferson de Angelis Company, has been received with general expressions of delight. As is a matter of history, the composer died before he had finished his score, but the necessary filling was entrusted to Mr. Edward German, favorably known as the writer of the "Henry VIII." suite and of some characteristic old English dance forms. In the last act Mr. German had to compose several numbers that Sir Arthur had left untouched. It is safe to say that one hearing the work would judge that it was in any way a composite production, so skilfully and sympathetically has Mr. German acquitted himself of his task. The opera is a most welcome variation on the general class of comic opera which has been offered to the Toronto public for many years. It seems to carry with it the atmosphere of the Green Isle, and with its picturesque investiture in the way of scenery and costumes, its typical characters, and its music with the Irish plaintiveness tinge its expression, it may claim to be an Irish opera in the best sense of the word. Sir Arthur has bequeathed to us many dainty measures, many beautiful strains, and many brisk and brilliant passages in this work. He has, moreover, made a new departure in several cases in his treatment of the chorus, and has repeated himself less often than he allowed himself to do in his preceding operas. The book, by Captain Basil Hood, is, I think, unnecessarily spun out, so that at times one finds oneself losing grasp of the situation. The dominant ideas of the libretto are whimsical enough, and were no doubt patterned after the Gilbertian methods. The characters are moved by contradictory motives, and act with unconscious humor and with a gravity that suggests that they are taking everything seriously. There is one broadly humorous role, that of Professor Bunn, impersonated by the inimitable De Angelis, but the part is not one that need be taken except by choice, into the region of farce. Speaking generally, the work is built on the lines of opera comique, although of slender texture than such a specimen as "Fra Diavolo." I have unavoidably mentioned the bold, breezy "ad captandum" Devonshire song of the sergeant of H.M. 11th Regiment, the tripping quartette, "Two Is Company, Three Is None;" the grandioso entrance aria of the Lord Lieutenant, Bunn's clever song, with chorus, "Many Years Ago," and the well worked up finale ensemble in the first act, in which the composer has shown his old ability to write effective and practicable vocal music. Then there are a beautiful trio, "On the Heights of Glantana," a charming solo for the Lord Lieutenant's daughter Rosie, "Oh, Setting Sun;" a haunting incantation for the fairy Cleena, a singularly beautiful aria, "I Love You," and a genuine and exhilarating Irish jig, with choral accompaniment. The jig and the "I Love You" are, it is said, two of the contributions of Mr. German. The company is a first-class one, the principals and chorus being more than ordinarily effective as singers. Among the principals Miss Kate Condon, who impersonates Molly, a peasant girl, may be specially mentioned. She has a very rich, warm-colored contralto, and she has two or three very effective moments in the music allotted to her. It is to be hoped that "The Emerald Isle" will make a return visit so that one may have an opportunity to become better acquainted with the score.

chorus were admitted by ticket, and the various numbers rendered by the choir were most enthusiastically received. Gounod's splendid motette, "O Day of Penitence," Percy Pitt's choral ballad, "A Love Symphony," Gounod's six-part anthem, "All Ye Who Weep;" Sir R. P. Stewart's part-song, "The Cruiskeen Lawn," and two numbers from Elgar's charming choral suite, "From the Bavarian Highlands," were sung in excellent style, the purity and warmth of tone of the chorus was especially in evidence. In the more dramatic numbers the volume of tone was surprising, and was fully equal to that oftentimes produced by choirs of twice the numerical strength of the Mendelssohn Choir. Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" was also sung with fine effect, this work being practically ready for public performance, although nearly two months yet intervene between the rehearsals and the concerts in February. Mr. Walker then addressed the chorus, expressing his great pleasure at hearing the choir, which he pronounced, as his honest conviction, to be surpassed by none in America, and which, from observations abroad, he felt might justly be classed with the best of existing choirs anywhere. He referred eloquently to the educational work of the society, as evidenced in the keen interest which is being taken in its concerts by musical people all over the province, and intimated that the time was not far distant when the most influential and wealthy people of the city would be prepared to take a decided and practical interest in the efforts now being put forth to earn for the city a genuine reputation as a musical center. Mr. Walker was introduced in a few well-chosen remarks by the active president of the society, Mr. W. H. Elliott. The rehearsal was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

There has been a lively discussion in England on the question whether musicians should better be educated as cooks or musicians. London "Truth" has this to say:

"Music teaching is now so universal that mediocrity in the art is becoming a drug in the market. Unless she be a good-looking vocalist (when with very little talent musical comedy may offer her a competency), or be among the dozen or so in the very first rank of instrumentalists, the young lady musician stands but a poor chance of gaining a livelihood at all. It may be an absurdity, but it remains the truth, that parents and pupils prefer even an indifferent male to the best of feminine teachers. The vast majority of young ladies who have passed through our great academies of music find it difficult to secure any appreciable teaching connection, even at the starvation price of eight lessons for a guinea. Advertisements of music lessons at sixpence each are by no means uncommon, especially in the provincial papers. It seems from the correspondence in the Continental journals that even this sum would be considered high in Germany. As performers, ladies are unfairly enough, accorded little or no opportunity. Hundreds of them pass every year through the Royal Academy, Royal College and Guildhall School of Music; but women never by any chance are accorded a seat in the orchestra, except, it be said, occasionally as unpaid amateurs. It cannot be pretended that the sex itself is objected to in orchestral work, for the harpist is almost always a lady; although Miss Timothy, who played the harp at the coronation, is the only female member of the state band. It cannot be that ladies are objected to owing to any particular want of skill, for some of the cheap importations from the Continent are vastly inferior as orchestral performers to the average female violinist. Ladies, moreover, do not get drunk, whereas Mr. Thomas Reeves, in a case reported in the musical papers, swore he had frequently seen 'three or four members of a male orchestra come to their work in an intoxicated condition,' an assertion for which he will probably be called to account. Ladies, again, are attentive and punctual at rehearsals. Their exclusion from the orchestra is due to little more than prejudice. But the fact remains, and accordingly the professor of music was, from the financial point of view, quite justified in recommending his daughters to study cookery rather than an art from the better paid ranks of which their sex is shut out."

CHERUBINO.

Music That Strains the Clothing.

The standard of musical excellence varies according to differences of taste, nationality, and occupation. Mrs. Unblatter, whose husband was the director of a New York orchestra, had a standard of her own, which she did not hesitate to confess to one of her neighbors.

"What operas does your husband like to play best?" asked the visitor, a friendly and well-meaning person.

"That I know not," said the wife, busily darning an old shirt, "but this I know: Whatever he likes, I like not the Wagner operas. For the sound they are good enough, but for the clothes—ah! he never yet comes home from any one of those Wagner operas that he has not torn a place in his poor old shirts. When the cloth is weak and has been often mended one prefers the Italian operas always."

An Editor's Kick.

A Missouri editor, who is about to pull up and leave for lack of support, sarcastically remarks in parting that editors don't need money. "Don't worry about the editor," he says. "He has a charter from the state to act as doorman for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding, and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a \$4 a week job, and weep over your shrivelled soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but the editor will get there somehow."

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An open rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir was held on Tuesday evening of last week, the occasion being of especial interest because of the presence of the honorary president of the society, Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce. Friends of the

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Social and Personal.

T HE engagement is announced of Miss Laura Richardson, daughter of the Rev. Canon Richardson of London, Ont., to Mr. Leonard Tilley, son of the late Sir Leonard Tilley of St. John, N.B.

Miss Ollie Foster, daughter of Mr. William Foster, Rosedale Farm Gore of Toronto, has been spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. E. F. Doudiet, of Parliament Street.

Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick left town yesterday, to cross the ocean again after a pleasant stay with friends in Canada. Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, another son of the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Kirkpatrick, has been promoted, and leaves immediately for the West Coast, to take up his work there. I understand in connection with railway transportation.

Mrs. Frank Clifford Sutton (nee Rutherford) is visiting Mrs. Victor Williams, and is very welcome again in Toronto, where she has always had many warm friends.

A man who knows his Toronto by heart tells me that never in a quarter of a century have there been more fascinating and pretty young married women in our city than at the present time. He rattled off a score of names, which quite convinced his hearers that he knew whereof he spoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, who had looked forward to at least part of the season with their old friends in town, were suddenly recalled to England by illness in their family. They sailed from New York this week.

Mrs. Fasken gave a housewarming tea in her fine new residence in Queen's Avenue last Saturday, at which a large number of guests were present. Tasteful decorations gave them a foretaste of Christmas cheer, and the crimson-shaded lights and odorous deep red carnations on the pretty buffet in the breakfast-room gave a very holiday effect to the ensemble. Mrs. Fasken and her daughter and Miss Florence McKinnon of Guelph were the reception party, and the Misses Morgan, Banks, Ferguson, Ola Fasken and Muriel Maddison had the tea-table under their charge. Needless to say everyone was well looked after. D'Alessandro's orchestra played very sweetly during the reception.

The visit of the London Garrison baseball team last Saturday gave a fillip to a rather dull day in certain circles. The team were entertained at midday at Stanley Barracks, and quite a number braved the curious climatic conditions (when it was actually possible to get about any part of the city quite pleasantly on skates) to see the match at the Armouries in the evening. The officers had invited many friends, and afterwards, as usual, received and entertained them in the messroom. Among those present last Saturday were Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Buchan, Mrs. Magann, Colonel and Miss Delamere, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Barwick, Miss Ellwood, Miss Barker, Major Cockburn, V. C., Colonel Stimson, Major and Mrs. Nelles, Miss Mollie Waldie, Mr. Colin Harbottle, Mr. and the Misses Asheton and Smith and Captain Elmsley.

"The Emerald Isle," Sullivan's last opera, delighted the music-loving public, and was presented by real, not alleged, vocalists, and had several fine soloists. The plot is not much in evidence, the scenery very pretty indeed, and the colleens and principals all attractive. De Angelis, with an encore song of "Limericks" more or less footloose, and several most absurd make-ups, was the funny thing, and society laughed consumingly at him. There were smart houses on off evenings; on Tuesday quite a nice audience included a box party, at which I saw Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet and several others. In the stalls were Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mr. and Miss Cosby of Maplethorpe, Mr. Vincent Greene, Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick, Mr. D. Harman, Mr. Oliver, Monsieur and Madame Rocheveau de la Sabliere, two or three small dinner parties, who, as usual, arrived late and disturbed everyone, making us wish our theatres would only give them fifteen minutes more to "make connection," only then they'd be certain to arrive at a quarter to nine! Talking of the strenuous life, did you ever see anything more trying than the hypnotized sentry, who keeps an outrageous position for what seems half an hour in the first act?

His down-town friends were all glad to welcome Mr. George Crawford back to his manager's chair in the Queen and Yonge branch of the Montreal Bank, and to see him quite recovered from his illness.

Two busy shoppers whom I noticed on Tuesday were the young sons of the Minister of the Interior, who came down with Mr. Sifton to Toronto and lost no time in looking up Christmas gifts. They returned to Ottawa on Wednesday.

The arrival of Mrs. and Miss Strathy from England to spend Christmas in Montreal with relatives recalls to many the saddest tragedy of the coronation, when one of the bright and gay spectators, another Miss Strathy, was in a moment killed by the falling of a heavy coping from a building abutting over her chosen place to watch the parade.

Commander and Mrs. Law have a "full house" of fine young people for Christmas, their stalwart sons being all, I believe, at home for the holidays.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, bright and gracious as ever, spent a short visit in town with her sister, Mrs. Ryerson, and returned to Ottawa for Christmas.

Dr. Ham has arranged Dorothy Blomfield's beautiful hymn "O Perfect Love," in a serious and harmonious setting. It will, I hope, be heard and appreciated by the guests at the happy weddings we are expecting. The setting is dedicated by Dr. Ham to Mrs. Walter Barwick, and it was sung for the first time at the wedding in St. James' Cathedral of Miss Barwick and Mr. Ewart Osborne last fall, for which, indeed, it was specially composed. The hymn may be sung by

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30 of the Handsomest Young
Women on the American Stage
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mezzo-soprano or baritone, as its compass is most reasonable.

We notice a very fine selection of oil and water-color paintings by Mr. Atkinson at Matthews' Art Gallery, 95 Yonge Street. His sheep, moonlight and cascade are specialties of his brush, and are deservedly well worth looking at. His large oil painting, a scene in Devonshire, is very much admired. The exhibit will be open until January 1.

Triplets are a tidal wave on the sea of matrimony.

Hostess—Oh, Mr. Guest, going away so early—and must you take Mrs. Guest away with you? Guest—Yes, I'm awfully sorry—but I've got to.

Mr. Marryat—I see old Roxley has left an estate worth half a million at least. Wouldn't you like to be his widow?

Mrs. Marryat (ambiguously)—No, dear; I'd rather be yours.

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Mrs. Marry



"LOWER-O'-THE-CORN" is a pretty book name—like many of Crockett's titles, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Bog Myrtle and Peat" and "Lad's Love," for example.

And it is a tale as pretty as the name, though clouded with tragedy. "Flower-O'-the-Corn," as might be suspected, is the nickname of a girl. The story is of Marlborough's time and of the political and religious wars that convulsed Europe. It opens in the Meuse Valley, at Crevecoeur, where Captain Maurice Raith, officer under Churchill, first meets Frances Wellwood in the cornfields. Subsequent events, leading up ultimately to their marriage, are both complicated and stirring. The animation, force and good humor of Crockett are present through the entire narrative. "Flower-O'-the-Corn" must add to Crockett's reputation as a literary craftsman. (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.)

"Barnaby Lee," by John Bennett (Copp, Clark), is a stirring recital of events, real and imagined, in the early colonial history of the New Netherlands and New Amsterdam, with Peter Stuyvesant, the famous burgomaster, to the fore as a leading character. There is much plotting and counter-plotting, much blood-letting and burning of gunpowder. Also, of course, there is the inevitable love-story. But the book is crammed from cover to cover with the details of fighting men rather than gallants. It will be relished by those who are fond of virile, manly characters, and will be likely to satisfy any reader in search of a rattling good yarn of the old Captain Marryat kind.

The fifty-sixth issue of the Canadian Almanac (Copp, Clark Company) contains a full account of the census of Canada, so far as issued, giving the population of all the districts in the various provinces of the Dominion, and also tables showing the population arranged according to the principal religions, sexes and conjugal condition, place of birth, etc. The militia information is very full and complete, and the British Government, British Army and British Navy are described in short, clear and interesting articles. A list of bank and other stocks dealt with on the Toronto Stock Exchange is given, including information relating to the capital, reserve, dividends and highest and lowest selling prices of the various stocks. This list will be found extremely valuable. The other departments of the Canadian Almanac are revised and brought up to date, including the customs tariff, post-office directory, lists of banks, clergy, schools, colleges, societies and institutions, barristers, foreign consuls, county and municipal officers, division court clerks, police magistrates, life insurance, game laws, etc. The astronomical information has been considerably enlarged, and the tide tables for Halifax, Quebec and St. John for 1903 are published. The historical diary has been continued and enlarged, and a vast amount of interesting and instructive information of various kinds will be found within the covers. A map of the city of Toronto is given with each Almanac. The Canadian Almanac contains 440 pages, and the price in paper covers is 35 cents.

The death of the widely-known pastor of the City Temple, London, will lead to the earlier publication of "The Life of Joseph Parker," by his long-time friend and associate, Dr. William Adamson, which the Fleming H. Revell Company had announced as in preparation. The author is adding a final chapter relating to the last days.

The London correspondent of the New York "Tribune" has been so far impressed with Sir Robert Anderson's new book entitled "The Bible and Modern Criticism" as to write a news column about it. Of Sir Robert, the correspondent says: "By his retirement from the department of criminal investigation in the Metropolitan Police he is left at liberty to hunt down the Higher Critics as conspirators against religious faith and common sense. . . . By sheer force of the habits of a lifetime, Sir Robert Anderson is a detective with a ruling passion for exposing counterfeiters and enmeshing conspirators in their own wiles; he is a trained investigator accustomed to processes of cross-examination of witnesses and practical tests of the credibility of evidence." As might be expected, he "has written a trenchant and straightforward book, which places critics, whether as radical as Professor Cheyne or as conservative as Professor Driver, on their defence before men of common sense." The correspondent further calls it "a work of singular crudity of style and of remarkable argumentative power," which he reviews at length because there is no "American edition" of it. But it so happens that the Revell Company already has an edition in preparation for immediate issue.

The Christmas number of "Acta Victoria" (Victoria College) is a remarkably interesting example of amateur journalism at its very brightest and best. "Acta" indeed, takes rank with many of the most ably edited periodicals in the professional field. There is no magazine in Canada, and few anywhere, better printed or more attractively made up. The contributors to the Christmas number include Dr. Louis Frechette, Principal Hutton, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Professors Mavor and Horning, Messrs. Benjamin Suite, Ernest Thompson Seton, Frank Leigh, Lawrence J. Burpee, A. R. Carman, William Wilfred Campbell, Misses Ethelwyn Wetherald and Adeline M. Teskey, and many other writers and specialists of note.

"Photograms of the Year," an illustrated annual compiled by the editors and staff of the "Photogram," has more than maintained its interest and value to photographers since its first issue in 1895. The volume for 1902 has just been received from the publishers (London: Dawbarn and Ward), and shows a decided advance over any of its predecessors. It is replete with reproductions of the most artistic and suggestive examples of photographic art available in the year now closing. The accompanying letter-press cannot fail to enthuse, inspire and inform the reader who is pursuing photography, whether pro-

fessionally or as an amateur, with faith in its possibilities as an imaginative and creative, not a mere mechanical, art. "Suggestions for Would-be Picture-Makers," "The Divine Idea in Composition" and the critical articles on the great exhibitions should be specially helpful. Three Canadians have the honor of contributing photographs to the book—Mr. J. C. Trotter, Ottawa; Mr. J. P. Hodgins, Toronto; Mr. R. R. Salter, Goderich.

Mr. Henry James Morgan is rapidly pushing to completion an important work entitled "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present." The first volume is now in the press (William Briggs), and is expected to be ready in January. It will present portraits and biographical sketches of some three hundred and fifty women, and will be followed later by a second volume, fully as large.

"Bridge Whist, How to Play It," is the title of a very lucid and interesting whist book by Mr. Lennard Leigh, which comes opportunely to hand this month. Mr. Leigh has been for a long time an acknowledged authority on whist, and has written frequently upon the game. Any one with ordinary capacity could perfect themselves in bridge whist from a study of Mr. Leigh's book. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers.

The same firm brings out an inimitable child's book by Kendrick Bangs, for Christmas gifts to the small folks, which rejoices in the title of "Mollie and the Unwisen." The nonsense is delightful, and the binding and illustrations perfect.

One of Messrs. Morang and Company's most inviting books this Christmas season is "Danny," by Alfred Olivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle." Danny, of course, is a dog, and those familiar with Mr. Olivant's work and fond of a good yarn will be anxious to learn all about this new hero and "knight-errant," who is described as "broad of chest, broad of brow, with coat of tarnished silver . . . the warrior and the lover in one. Since Lancelot there had never been such a gallant with fair eyes and ways of chivalry; since Lancelot never such a battle-fighter. He lived, indeed, for battle, murder and delight of kisses. To be loved by his lady, and to find a worthy foeman, these were the two passions of the knight in grey."

"My Dogs in the Northland," by the Rev. Egerton R. Young, is one of the Fleming H. Revell Company's holiday books which is certain to please a very wide constituency. Lovers of dogs are legion, and to all such there is a fascination in this direct, unaffected narrative of experiences, often thrilling, with Eskimo and St. Bernard sled-dogs in the northern wilds of Canada. That there is dog character as strongly marked as human character is proved beyond peradventure in Mr. Young's recitals concerning "Jack," "Cuffy," "Voyageur," "Rover," "Kimo," and the rest. Mr. Young was a great missioner in his day, but his books show him to have been always a man of broad sympathies, of varied interests—a man of more than one idea.

When the present rage for riotous color and over-adornment of cloth-bound books subsides there will be further opportunity for the development of bookish tastes through the book-plate—that little label which for centuries has marked the care of the cultured booklover. Nevertheless during the past year in the United States there has been evident quite a revival of the book-plate, and its use is bound to increase in Canada as its possibilities are known. For too long it has been inaccessible to most book-lovers owing to the cost of steel engraving and designing by competent artists; and, further, the association with it of purely heraldic devices in this country has checked its adoption, since few of us are entitled to more arms than may well be used in labor. The developed book-plate is the result of the cheapening of engraving by line and process work, and the use of the single idea of personality. No longer is it the thing to engrave an elderly gentleman in Byronic collar, smoking a long pipe amidst heaps of tomes. Something must be expressed by the device in the ex-Libris which indicates the likings, pursuits or aspirations of the owner. He may, for all the life of the book, set upon it a symbol alongside his name, expressing his appreciation, his desire, or his mere joy in having what, rightly looked upon and used, is one of the grandest inheritances of our humanity—its literature. This may now competently be done by various choices of medium. When the book-plate comes into the library a step towards the best use of books has been taken. One more idea, one more adornment has been added to cherished volumes, making them more nearly personal property than before. Enquiry at Toronto bookstores reveals occasional orders but I have recently seen some modern examples from the pen of Mr. A. H. Howard, which are very definite approaches towards the highest in this little branch of art.

Scotch proverb: "A little white bird in the hand is worth two in the bonnie briar bush."—London "Judy."

The Christmas "Outing" is full of color and is of absorbing interest for all out-of-door people. Henry McArthur has supplied powerful drawings in his inimitable style, while E. W. Kemble, Frederic Steele, Martin Justice, Charles Livingston Bull, Philip R. Goodwin, and others have co-operated to make this number of "Outing" the most artistic of the season. Much of the illustrating is done in four colors.

E. W. Hornung, author of "The Amateur Cracksman" and other well-known stories, contributes the complete novel to "Ainslee's" for January. It is entitled "No Hero," and is notable for distinction of style, charm in the narrative, and accuracy of insight into human motives. The late lamented Frank Norris is evidenced by a short story, "Two Hearts That Beat As One," full of the vigor and force that characterized his best work.

The "Arena" for December completes the twenty-eighth volume of that well-known review of progressive thought. It opens with a discussion, suggested by the recent coal strike, of "Private Property and Public Rights," by Edwin May, LL.D., and Editor McLean announces a symposium on the same subject for the January issue. "One Aspect of Continental Expansion" is considered by Jacob W. Richardson, A.B., LL.B. "The Anglo-Saxon and the African" is the title of an article by one of the most

enlightened negroes in America—Professor Kelly Miller of Howard University.

The "Living Age" has rendered service to American readers by reproducing complete, in two instalments, the "Edinburgh Review's" recent, elaborate article in review of the first century of its history. The article is of wide interest as a reflection of the social, literary and political conditions of the nineteenth century in England, of which the "Edinburgh Review" has been an interested observer and a pungent critic. Probably the last bit of writing of the great London preacher of Non-Conformity, Dr. Joseph Parker, was his chapter of reminiscences of "A Generation in the City of the Pit," which was printed in a recent number of the "Living Age." General Louis Botha's article on "The Boers and the Empire," which is the leading feature of the "Living Age" for December 6, is a singularly fair and moderate presentation of existing conditions. It shows the brave Boer leader in a new but very creditable light, and is written with a grave simplicity which gives it an almost pathetic force. Lord Rosebery's fine tribute to Mr. Gladstone, contained in the address which he gave at the recent unveiling of the Gladstone statue at Glasgow, is published in the "Living Age."

Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

(Continued from Page 2.)

long as he was not the guilty party. And as to the man who was willing that another should suffer in his place, we should not be able to find words sufficiently strong to express our sense of his meanness. Suppose this kind of a thing were carried on in a prison regularly, now in the case of one man only, but of many, or all, what would be the result? Would it not overturn all proper ideas of right and wrong in the prison? And would not its moral influence be especially bad upon all the men who escaped their just dues, and allowed others to suffer in their place? If such a plan of allowing the innocent to suffer for the guilty were brought into our schools, or our homes, would not its moral results be bad there, especially upon the children who escaped their deserts? Could anything be done which would tend more to destroy all honor, all manliness, all character, in them? And yet the Christian world for centuries has held a theory of salvation based upon this very principle of allowing the guilty to go free, and putting the punishment due them upon the innocent. Does anyone doubt that its influence has been to weaken character, to promote selfishness and to destroy manhood? Says Martineau: "He who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity, is so far from the qualifications of a saint that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton's friends."

It is any wonder that the better thought of the world is moving away from such a conception of salvation as this, and seeking for one that shall build up character and manhood?

Fourth, the old conception of salvation makes the mistake of turning men's minds primarily to the next world, instead of to this, and making it the great object of human desire and effort to escape hell and gain heaven on the other side of death. As a result, this life falls into comparative unimportance, except as a time to prepare for the next, and there is slight motive to make much of this world.

What, then, is the new thought of salvation? It is different from the old in almost every respect. It has in mind primarily the present world, and seeks to make much of it in all possible ways. I do not mean that it is indifferent concerning the world to come. On the contrary, it cherishes the thought that of that world as a constant hope and inspiration, amid the struggles, trials and sorrows of this. But it believes that the true way to prepare for that world is to live one's life well here and now. If a pupil in school would fit himself for a higher grade, the way to do it is to be faithful and diligent where he is. Is not life a school? Are we not now in the primary grade? And will not our fitness for whatever God may have for us in our rooms or grades beyond depend upon our fidelity here?

The new thought of salvation does not conceive of the primary conditions of safety for men as being external, but rather internal. It sees that it would avail a man little to be in any possible external haven, unless his internal conditions were right. Happiness does not come from without. Heavens and hells are primarily of the soul.

The aim of the new salvation is twofold, namely, salvation of the individual and salvation of society. What is salvation of the individual? It is salvation from everything that can hinder his growth and development, or prevent the attainment of his highest possibilities as a man. It includes salvation of his body. Man has his physical basis. He is a spirit housed for the time being in flesh. It is important that his body shall be well and strong, for if it is not, every other part of his nature will be liable to suffer, and the achievements of his life will be curtailed. Hence the need of proper food, proper clothing, proper shelter, light, heat, air, exercise, physical training of a kind to develop the body into vigor, symmetry and health. There are many signs that the future is going to pay more attention than the past has done to the salvation of the body. But the body is only the basis for a structure higher than itself. Salvation of the individual includes salvation of the mind. From what? From ignorance, from fear, from superstition, from whatever can cripple its powers or limit its attainments. What are the agencies by means of which this salvation is to be achieved? Schools, books, intercourse with men, intercourse with nature, work, travel, whatever brings knowledge, mental discipline and command over one's faculties and powers. Salvation of the conscience, from whatever tends to dull or weaken it, or to prevent it from being the strong and commanding moral guide of the life. It means salvation of the heart, from all low and unworthy affections, and from all base and selfish passions and desires, and the cultivation of love for all that is high and pure and beautiful, and aspirations after all that is above us.

Thus salvation is not something obtained from without. It is something attained within. It is growth. It is development. It is education. It is the unfolding of the powers which God has given us. It is discipline. It is character. It is manhood. He is lost who is

lost to his possibilities and his ideals. He is saved who is saved to the best that is in him.

Thus we see that salvation is a present thing, a gradual thing, something never finished, a process lasting through life. It is as broad and inclusive as life itself.

I said the aim of the new salvation is to save not only the individual, but society. In this it differs radically from the old. The old was selfish. The new is unselfish. The appeal of the old was to each man to save his soul, to flee the wrath to come, to make his own calling and election sure, to accept the offer of salvation while he might. The appeal which the new makes to men is not so much to save themselves as to make themselves worth saving, and to join the company of those who are trying to live for others and do some good in the world. There is an order of Buddhists in China whose members take a pledge never to accept salvation so long as any other persons are unsaved. That is the spirit of Jesus, who said: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for others." That is the spirit of the new salvation. Thoughtful and earnest men who look deeply into these matters are beginning to see that the selfish man, who cares only for his own salvation, whose cry is "O God save me!" while he forgets others, cannot be saved, but must remain in that awful hell which selfishness always creates, until he learns to care for others.

Few things are more promising for the future of humanity than the rise of the study of sociology, a science which is being taken up with great earnestness by a large and growing body of students in all the leading civilized nations. It is especially encouraging that a number of theological schools of different denominations have established chairs of sociology as applied to religion, and that many leading preachers and thinkers are emphasizing sociological work as an important side of Christian effort. This is an important step forward in the direction of the new thought of salvation. What is sociology? It is the science of society, or of human relations. It aims to find out what are the functions of the social organism, how man is related to man, and class to class, what duties each owes to each, how all may help one another, and what are the laws of social life and death, disease and health. The object which sociology has in view is the improvement of society—in other words, it is social salvation. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself." We all rise or sink together.

Sociology throws great light upon the subject of how social salvation may be accomplished. It shows the importance of education, and the training of the young. It shows the value of preventive measures. Not the cure of crime, but the prevention of it; not the cure of intemperance, but the prevention of it; not the cure of the thousand evils that afflict society, but their prevention—is the motto of sociology.

Sociology is teaching us the importance of child-saving work, prison reform, social settlements, intelligent systems of charity which aim to prevent pauperization, and to promote self-help, self-respect and character in those to whom charity is extended. All these are agencies for the promotion of social salvation. By and by the Christian churches of the world will wake up to the fact that they, too, ought all to be engaged in this kind of work. Then shall we see such progress in the salvation of society as has never been known.

I have only one more point to mention. It is the relation of Jesus to the new salvation. Whether we consider salvation of the individual or of society, I think it is plain that if we would succeed we must press forward in essentially the path marked out by the great founder of our Christian faith. The aim of the new salvation is not to get away from Jesus. It is to get away from the Christ of the creeds; but it is to get back to the real Jesus of the earliest Gospels, and to save men by essentially the methods and influences which He employed. He gave constant effort to the work of saving individuals. How did He do it? By love, by sympathy, by personal contact, by drawing them to Himself, by appealing to their best selves, by holding up before them worthy ideals, by revealing to them the possibilities that slumbered in their own souls, by telling them that they were children of God. All these resources are open to us to-day as they were open to Jesus. In Jesus we have an incomparable leader. The spirit in which He worked is the spirit which should animate us.

But if He aimed to save individuals He also sought to save society. This was the meaning of the constant emphasis He placed upon the work of building up the Kingdom of God—not in the world to come, but in this world, among the people to whom He talked and with whom he lived. This was the meaning of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, which He endeavored to plant in all hearts. The circumstances under which He labored were different from those which surround us. We have learned that we can employ to advantage many agencies which He did not use, perhaps which it would have been impossible to use then. But the aim—to make all men realize that they are brothers, and to build up a divine society, which shall be a true Kingdom of Heaven on earth, because of the reign of truth, love and peace in the souls of men—this should be the aim of all our efforts at social salvation to-day, by whatever agencies carried on, just as these were the aim of our great Teacher and Leader in all His work in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago.

Concerning Gifts.

Daphne, ah! what present shall I bring, As a pledge and token of my passion? No vain trinket, necklace, brooch or ring.

After vulgar wooers' foolish fashion! Gifts like those can never be the sign, Daphne, of a love as strong as mine.

I would seek an offering—precious, rare, Fraught with mystic magic, to be given Fragrant with thoughts, intangible as air— Hopes too full for words that can be spoken.

Such a gift I crave, wherewith to pay Homage, Daphne, to your natal day.

So with sorrowful discontent I ban— Costly bauble—casket, gem, or jewel— While the Stores impatiently I scan.

For an apter type of love's renewal; Until in despair (each year the same) I select—another photo-frame— "Punch."

"Wouldn't you rather have a lighter cuirass?" suggested the master-of-arms. "No, I always feel better with a man's armor round me," archly admitted the Maid of Orleans.—Yale "Record."



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women d'ctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—MRS. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do.

Jud Hawley's Campaign.

(Continued from page 3)

"But then you see, Easter, there's the expenses of an election, and travellin'—"

"Emiline, your father's gittin' nutty. He's run round and looked sorry at funerals till the best half of him's dead. Why, he was just tellin' us that if he was elected member of parliament he'd git passes over all the railroads, and it wouldn't cost him a cent to ride, and everybody knows that that little squirt Sanborn, who represents the South Ridin', makes a better livin' out o' bein' a member of parliament than he ever did out of anything else. But of course Jud hain't got sense," sighed Mrs. Hawley despairingly, as she instinctively began to clear off the crackers and cheese from the table. "He don't think of nuttin' but himself and the crowd he's been smokin' cigars and drinkin' beer with while we've been slavin' on the farm."

"I never did any slaving, mother—"

"Oh, no, you didn't, Emiline. Catch you doin' any slavin'. You're too much like Jud. I've did the slavin'. Both of you seem to forgit how I've been workin' to make something out of ourselves. You'd have married the hired man if it hadn't been for me—"

"Well, what if she had?" demanded Jud sternly. "Don't git sky-flyin' so high as to forgit that you married your father's hired man. Run on me if you like, but leave Emiline alone."

"Don't mind me, dad. It seems like we can't ever talk about anything without havin' a row."

"Well, Emiline, what d'you want me to do? I don't want any politics. I've seen too many men spoiled tryin' to make statesmen of themselves. We bought this house and spent all our spare cash furnishin' it. D'you want me to leave a life job and try to git a place for which I hain't suited and which maybe I won't git, and if I do git it, it'll make me go broke—"

Mrs. Hawley, with her hands on her silk-draped hips—an attitude so suggestive of wash-day on the farm that it made Jud grin—stared intently at the modest Emiline.

"You're a nice pair"—a pause of furious contempt. "If any woman ever had a warnin' against marryin' a hired man I've had. You, Jud Hawley, and your daughter, Emiline, may have hired-n an blood in your veins, but I hain't. Talk about goin' broke if you quit bein' county treasurer! Why, the president of the new Inter-Ocean Railway told me to-night you could make five or ten thousand dollars a year lobbyin', whatever that is," she added somewhat weakly, "and he promised to pay all your expenses if you'd try to be elected, and said he'd not see you git hurt—"

"Easter Hawley, I may have been your father's hired man, but I hain't goin' into politics to be the hired man of old Wrenchman of the Inter-Ocean Railway, nor the scrub-woman of any fake that sees fit to come along and put me on my knees with a brush." Jud looked like a man of more than common size as he pushed his chair back and turned down the hanging lamp in the dining-room—one of the novelties his wife had introduced.

"Yes, I suppose. You won't do no scrubbin' while I'm alive to do it for you, Jud," sighed Mrs. Hawley despairingly. "All you want is to hang round taverns and tea-meetin's talkin' about culverts and county bonds, and all Emiline wants is Hiram—"

"I don't want Hiram, mother, and never did. But I'd rather be a hired man's wife and live on a rented farm than always be nagged like I am to home—"

"I never nag ye, Emiline," protested Jud.

"Oh, no, you don't nag nobody, you don't, Jud Hawley; I do the naggin'; I'm the old nag round here." Mrs. Hawley was shrill and on the verge of tears. "You're tryin' to set Emiline agin me, tryin' to put daughter agin mother, but I'm goin' to love her and do for her just like I did for George." With this Mrs. Hawley embraced her daughter and gathered up her skirt and swept from the room, a picture of offended maternity.

Jud sat on the arm of the rocking-chair and looked weakly at his daughter. "What's come over your mother, Emiline?"

"She ain't well, dad; never mind her little tantrums, and just try to please her and she'll get enough of swelling it around—"

"But what am I goin' to do? Have I got to run for parliament just 'cause she's got a notion that she'd like to go to Ottawa? It makes me sick all over to think of it and the chances I'll take of gittin' beat, and goin' broke if I don't git beat."

"You've never failed yet, dad; you'll get there all right and mother'll soon get enough of it."

Like her father, Emiline was undemonstrative, but she put her arms around his neck, kissed him on the forehead, patted his cheek, and with her hand under his chin made him look up at her. With his honest eyes looking into hers and his plain face clouded with trouble, he seized her little hard hand, pressed it against his face, and whispered huskily:

"But it ain't worth it, Emiline; it ain't worth it. I'd rather a durn sight be a hired man on a rented farm than be like a dog answering everybody's whistle and gittin' everybody's kicks—even your mother's."

Nevertheless, Jud Hawley was the party candidate for the North Riding in the bitterest fight that Canada has seen since Confederation. Not only was the contest severe in that constituency, but everywhere else. Party spirit was high, but party funds were low, and Jud half a

returns indicated Jud Hawley's election by a narrow majority. When the announcement was made Mrs. Hawley embraced Jud and could hardly prevent herself from waltzing him around the committee-rooms, where a considerable company had been waiting to learn the results. On their way home she talked so loudly and enthusiastically of the prospective trip to "Ottaway" that wakeful people might have heard her though distant a couple of blocks. Jud dragged himself wearily by her side and when Emiline opened the door he simply

and the pages in the gallery. The whip of the party never failed to stop and speak to her, but one afternoon she detected him and a new Cabinet Minister looking intently at her cloak, whereupon she at once ordered a new one, explaining to Jud later on, "Of course you've got to keep up your position, Jud."

"Of course, Easter, but then how am I goin' to pay for these things—"

"Don't go on, Jud; don't git goin'! Wrenchman told me just to-day that he's goin' to send you a cheque to help pay your expenses, and he says you and me

cated in the charges, she having, it is said, taken part with unusual vigor in the election." Jud passed the paper over to his wife, his hand trembling and his face pallid with prolonged anxiety and moist with perspiration which indicated that no matter how he might be able to clear himself, he had no means of reckoning to what extent he had been involved by his wife and son. The idea of a protest was not new to Mrs. Hawley, but the stern fact of an impending election trial robbed her of all the joy that a parliamentary career had been promising her.

come liable. In fact, young George had himself been going at a very rapid gait. He had "backed" notes for all sorts of people, who of course failed to pay, subscribed for stock in companies which were trying to force him to settle, and had shown himself to be utterly worthless as a business manager. His failure as a farmer had added to the general disaster, and poor Jud as he listened to his friend Macpherson's account of the culmination of the whole thing could only gasp and tell him to "sell things out."

When the auction sale took place, it was known that Jud Hawley had determined to begin life over again and proposed to buy the farm and stock if they went at a reasonable price. His popularity stood him in good stead, for there was no one who seriously bid against him. The pathetic figure of the prematurely old man, never lusty of body but shrunken now in size, seemed to forbid any attempt to take his land or chattels away from him, and for a little less than \$10,000, which Macpherson found for him, he was again the possessor of his old place—somewhat ragged and weedy, it is true, from the protracted absence of its owner, but still home.

The election trial wound drearily on. George, who had occasioned so much of the trouble, in the meantime received a small appointment from the political party which had failed to keep its promises to his father. Mrs. Hawley ministered to her husband lovingly and yet with a resentfulness which she could not always conceal. She wondered that he had lost all his "git up and git," and asked him "why he didn't hitch up and go round and see folks and git back to himself." Once in a while she reminded him on his well days that if he had stuck to the farm he would not have got in so much trouble, and that she had always told him that he would "git into trouble runnin' round." His dull and sunken eyes alone reproached her for these upbraids, and she ceased them in his presence, though always when she had women visitors she whispered as she showed them out, "Men are such terrible fools; they think us women don't know anything. I always told Jud to keep the deed of the farm and to stay to home and work it himself and not run round for other people, and if he'd done it he wouldn't be layin' in there sick."

The election trial was decided in Jud's favor and the mountain of expenses had to be paid by the other side, a sum sufficient to recoup the good-hearted public drudge whom everyone called "Old-Man Macpherson" for his advances for the buying-in of the Hawley farm. Jud, however, got no better, even though the financial clouds had rolled past. On bright days his wife used to "hitch up" take him out for a drive, and when at home Emiline never left his side. The heart weakness which his sickness had left with him and which his taste of politics had intensified, could not be removed. One day he clung to his wife's hand as it was gently smoothing his pillow, and gasped: "Well, Easter, I guess I'm goin'—"

"Where, Jud?"

"Wher'm I goin'?" whispered Jud reflectively. "Where?" His mind began wandering over the roads of Tamarrack Township. "Jist up to Big Turner's teh see a steer, Easter! Mebbe I'll drop in an' look at Hank Gibson's colt and then come 'round by the buryin' ground where they're puttin' up a new fence. Where's that cheese factory checkbook, Easter? Mebbe I'll see Jonas Duff as I pass—"

"Emiline!" screamed Mrs. Hawley, "come quick! Yer father's ravin'! Jud, dear," she sobbed, catching his wasted form to her heart. "You hain't runnin' the roads; ye're here with me, Jud, sick abed!"

"Be I?" he a-ke, his arm creeping slowly, stiffly, up to her neck and his eyes glazing. "Be I? I like to be with you, Easter! Where's Emiline? Wore out, mebbe? Don't bother her, I'm—"

A frantic cry from his wife, the falling back of a limp form, the unconscious turning of a waxen face to the wall, and Jud Hawley's campaign was over.

The Centaurs.

Once in the far-gone ages,
Lived we in the heart of the glade,
We waked each morn to the day new-born,
From our couch in the bracken laid.
Up from our perfumed pillows
We sprang, and our arms flung free,
Tossing our hair and breathing the air
In a rapture of liberty.

Our way to the river was od'rous
With the willies we trod under heel,
We ploughed—and we cleave the oncoming wave
With a stroke of velvet and steel.

We swam through the green and the opal,
We breasted the tawny banks,
Raced with the breeze and stretched at our ease,
With the sun on our glist'ning flanks.

The glassy pools were our mirrors,
We drank from a crystal spring,
And laughed as we made in the sheltering shade
Of the wild grape-vines, a swing.

We spent our lives in the wilderness,
We yearned to the storm and the rain.
There was never a pleasure we had in half measure,
For we loved with our body and brain.

Till the mighty gods in anger
Smote—and our sky grew grey.

And into the Never we vanished forever,
As Night at the coming of day.

A. R. C. T.



"YOU'RE A NICE PAIR."

dozen times had to ask "Old Man" Macpherson for advances while some indefinite "fund" was being collected somewhere, a portion of which was "sure to come," but which never came. The expenses of meetings and speakers from a distance, and the printing bills, grew greater every day, and Jud Hawley's face grew longer and grayer. His wife, enamored of the novelty of her prominence, was the busiest woman in the town, and every night she told Jud of people who were going to vote for him and get a dozen other votes for him, but when he enquired as to names and localities he discovered that either the people of whom she spoke had no votes, no influence, or were giving her a "josh." The thought that perhaps he was being jolted by the crowd gave him a sickening sensation of timidity and disgust.

Jud was wearing kid gloves, and though they made his hands perspire, his wife insisted that he mustn't look like a "granger." In his anger at the thought of his wife thus disposing of his parliamentary influence, he clenched his fist so tightly that a glove burst across the back. With a smothered oath that would not have been noticed in Tamarrack Township he tore the tattered thing from his hand and threw it into a cuspidor. His wife watched him with bright but unsympathetic eyes, enquiring scornfully as she took off her spats, "How long do you suppose it'll take you, Jud,

patted her on the head with the remark, "Looks like your mother's goin' to git the trip to Ottaway!"

"Yes, Emiline, you're goin' too. I'm goin' to have a dress like Dr. Gregory's wife, and you can have one as good as money can buy."

Jud slipped away to bed, leaving his wife and daughter discussing the details of prospective dressmaking, but it was nearly dawn before, in his efforts to compute the cost of his contest, he decided that a considerable section of the savings of a lifetime had been spent, and fell into a troubled sleep.

The session followed closely after the elections, and the Hawley family, com-

and Emiline can stay here as long as we like and not cost us a cent."

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"JUD HAD SEIZED HIS SON BY THE COLLAR WHEN HE DISCOVERED HIM ACTING AS A SELF-CONSTITUTED POLITICAL AGENT."

posed in the curious public eye principally of Mrs. Hawley, cut a wide swath at the Capital. The hotel rates were high, and it was not long before Mrs. Hawley discovered that "livin' was dearer in Ottawa than where she came from." Jud knew before he went there that he would be listed amongst the small fry, but Mrs. Hawley's discovery of her unimportance was a shock to that high-spirited dame. She saw many people she would like to know; the majority of them, however, showed no anxiety, nor even willingness, to know her. Nearly all the politeness they received was from the waiter at the table

to learn the difference between wearin' gloves and mitts?"

"A heap longer, Easter, than it has taken you to trade off my votes for a board bill."

The heavens were darkened and the sky overcast for the Hawley family when at breakfast the next morning the daily paper announced: "A protest has been lodged against the return of Judson Smith Hawley. The usual allegations of corrupt practices are set forth, mainly directed against his son and agent, George Hawley, while his disqualification is demanded on account of personal bribery. His wife, Esther Hawley, is also im-

plicated in the charges, she having, it is said, taken part with unusual vigor in the election." Jud passed the paper over to his wife, his hand trembling and his face pallid with prolonged anxiety and moist with perspiration which indicated that no matter how he might be able to clear himself, he had no means of reckoning to what extent he had been involved by his wife and son. The idea of a protest was not new to Mrs. Hawley, but the stern fact of an impending election trial robbed her of all the joy that a parliamentary career had been promising her.

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CHAPTER III.

The campaign was long and bitter, but at midnight on the day of election the

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The Millennial Menu.

FOR some 3,000 years King Nebuchadnezzar has had the sympathy of all tender-hearted folk. In that comfortable frame of mind which dinner-distended stomach induces, many gentle hearts have doubtless felt the pangs of pity for him whose sole and scanty diet, during that long hecumenical exile, was the grass of the field. It appears that this compassion was altogether undeserved. For now come us that the "advanced" food experts to tell us that our baked, boiled and fried dietary is nothing less than an outrage upon nature, while the Nebuchadnezzarian menu, though restricted in variety, was on the right track, and highly healthful.

The raw-food idea is by no means a new one, but it has seldom been expounded with more cogency and point than by a writer in a late number of "Health Culture," who presents reasons why even a Thanksgiving dinner should ask for no more than liberal helpings of green leaves au naturel, fruits fresh from the tree, hard-shelled hickory-nuts, and good red wheat.

The "Health Culture" writer's first argument is based on the fact that man, as everybody knows, is first cousin to the anthropoid ape: the undegenerate anthropoid subsists only upon fruits, nuts and succulent green leaves which grow close at hand; he is innocent of appendicitis, never has the gout, his natural rulers do not shudder at mention of perityphilitis. Therefore we, who are "very slightly changed from the semi-apes who ranged," as Kipling assured us, ought to forsake the disease-breeding cook-stove, and return to the frolicsome irresponsibility of a "natural-food diet." This sounds as logical as anyone could wish.

The raw-food man does not, however, rest his case on the appeal to physiological and anatomical testimony. He calls chemistry to his aid, and shows thereby, to his own satisfaction at least, that, in the process of cooking, profound and undesirable changes in the character of foods take place. Proteid elements "are coagulated by cooking and thus rendered indigestible." Certain carbo-hydrates become too easily digestible, and the system is oversupplied. Some salts "are so altered by cooking as to become entirely inert and useless for food." The mineral constituent becomes separated from its organic combination, and cannot possibly be digested. Milk, through similar change, becomes, by boiling, "quite useless as food."

But neither the argument from the simian analogy, nor the learning displayed in discussing the chemistry of food, is likely to impinge upon the few minds with half the force of this short but pregnant sentence: "Uncooked food means the emancipation of women from the drudgery of the kitchen." There you have it! This is the thought that gives one pause. For what price would woman find too great to pay for everlasting emancipation from those "six mortal hours a day" (in the memorable words of Mrs. Stetson) that she spends on food? What self-denial ought not man to practice to escape the curse to which Mrs. Stetson gives voice in that same vitriolic poem—to escape having "the slow finger of Heredity" write on his forehead, "strive as he may, 'His mother was a cook'?"

Picture the scene that must unfold to the rapt vision of the raw-food enthusiast! Tyrant Bridget the Forty-Third, deposed from her cook-stove throne, leaves never to return, and never to be succeeded. Annie the scullery maid, she of the fishy eye, and a predilection for the butcher-boy bodeful of ill, follows in her wake. The kitchen is abolished.



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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Alexander—Dec. 23, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Alexander, a son. Griffin—Dec. 21, Winnipeg, Mrs. Scott Griffin, a son. Gibbons—Dec. 23, Toronto, Mrs. J. C. Gibbons, a son. Armour—Dec. 22, London, Eng., Mrs. John Armour, a daughter. Hamilton—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton, a daughter. Kahert, a daughter. Montgomery—Dec. 17, Toronto, Mrs. B. H. Montgomery, a daughter. Chewett—Dec. 20, Weston, Mrs. J. H. Chewett, a daughter.

Marriages.

Cross—Warren—At Christ Church, Pensacola, Florida, on Saturday, 20th December, Rev. Dr. Whipple, Harriet Babcock, daughter of the late John Hobart Cross, to Wm. Arthur Warren of Toronto. Clarke—Barnes—Dec. 17, Toronto, John J. Clarke to Eliza Barnes. Ferguson—Ferguson—Dec. 17, Toronto, Hugh Ferguson to Elizabeth Ferguson. Currie—Campbell—Dec. 20, Toronto, Edward Currie to Adelaide Victoria Campbell. Willis—D'Eye—Dec. 20, Toronto Junction, W. Sydney Willey to Katharine Alice D'Eye. West—Beatty—Dec. 20, Toronto, Willis James West to Agnes Elith Beatty. McHenry—Windeler—Toronto, Hugh S. McHenry to Ada Elizabeth Windeler.

Deaths.

Crawford—Dec. 22, Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Crana Crawford, aged 65. Bell—Dec. 5, Invernesshire, Scotland, Oswald George Wilson Bell, aged 28. Perdue—Dec. 22, Toronto, Mrs. F. H. Perdue. Blackhall—Dec. 22, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Blackhall. Morrison—Dec. 22, Toronto, Henry Morrison, aged 65. Lanigan—Dec. 21, Toronto, Chas. S. Lanigan, aged 52 years. Cobean, aged 52 years. Wheeler—Dec. 21, Toronto, Mrs. G. Wheeler. Moore—Dec. 18, Toronto, Robert Cyril Moore. Aggett—Dec. 18, Toronto, William G. D. Aggett, aged 48 years. Sutherland—Dec. 19, Newmarket, William S. Sutherland. Waldon—Dec. 18, Palmerston, Mrs. C. D. Waldon.

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"I did," said Miss Barnes, nodding violently. "Kind of foolish-looking he was."

"Yes," said Miss Jowders, "but he knew how to eat; he was the heartiest boarder I ever had. But it's his trade that's so queer—he's a story-writer, and he's always looking for what he calls 'material.' He seemed to think everything and everybody here was material, and I said to him outright one day, 'You may get into trouble if you take Branbury folks and put 'em right in a book, faults, failings and all.'

"But he laughed and said 't'would be all safe 'the way he did it, and then he explained his method. 'I take the old men's traits and give 'em to old ladies,' he said, 'and if there's a naughty girl I turn her into a little boy, and any mid-

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